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TRAINED NURSING AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

IN the light of the recent attack upon the management of the London Hospital it may be interesting to see at what rate, and in what particulars, improvements have been introduced into the nursing department there during the last ten years. The necessity for reorganising this department had been fully recognised by the House Committee prior to that date, and for that reason they appointed a trained nurse as matron from September, 1880. At that time the total number of the nursing staff was 128, and there were no ward-maids. Scrubbers were employed to clean the grates and to scrub the floors. The remainder of the cleaning, including the scrubbing of tables, lockers, forms, &c., was a part of the nurses' work, and if they did not choose to do it, they themselves, out of their scanty wages, paid some of the scrubbers to do it for them. Dinner was the only meal served in the Nursing Home, and even this was not provided on Sundays. The nurses were then served with raw chops and potatoes to cook for themselves in the wards. The whole of the day nursing staff, excepting the sisters, went to dinner together, and the tired night nurses, who had been on duty for twelve hours, terminating at 9.20 a.m., and whose dinner was not served in their own department until midday, were all required to go on duty in their respective wards, and take charge for the dinner hour. The food was never insufficient at the London Hospital, but in those days the want of variety made it often unappetising. The custom was to provide for the nurses on the same days of the

week the same kind of meat that they had just been serving to their patients. In addition they were allowed milk puddings twice a week. Every Tuesday and Friday the same sort of puddings appeared in the shape of baked custards on one occasion, and rice pudding, with sultana raisins, on the other. In addition to this an egg daily and a weekly allowance of cheese was supplied for other meals to day and night nurses alike, and no departure from this routine was considered necessary. Perhaps the most serious part of these defective arrangements was the necessity involved for sending day and night nurses into the wards before they had broken their fast. The kettle was usually kept boiling, and they were supposed to get themselves a cup of tea before beginning to attend to the patients, but this was often impossible, and in any case it was undesirable both for day and night nurses to come into the atmosphere of the wards before partaking of some sort of breakfast. With regard to times "off duty," day nurses were entitled to *four hours a week, i.e.*, two hours on one day and one hour on two other days. Even this was subject to "work permitting," and far from being encouraged to go out as much as possible it was regarded as a merit to be willing to forego "off duty" time. In addition, day nurses were entitled to half-a-day (eight and a-half hours) once a month, and to a Sunday from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. once a month. The nurses' duty on these Sundays was taken by middle-aged or old women of the scrubber class, who were frequently taken on by the day or night in the hospital as extra nurses, and on these occasions were termed "Sunday substitutes," and paid 1s. each time by the hospital for taking the duty. The night nurses were entitled to a night "off duty" once a month, and the hospital paid 1s. 6d. per night for the substitute. On other occasions some half-dozen of these women would come to the hospital in the evening and wait about on the chance of being "taken on" for some special case during the night. It was under conditions of this sort that women were found ready to leave comfortable homes and refined surroundings, to undertake work which, hard as it was, was far less of a sacrifice than sharing the bedroom, the meals, the constant association with women of a much commoner class than that from which hospital workers are now generally selected. The hospital nurses of that time,

far from feeling any desire to smooth the way for the new comers sometimes took an ignorant satisfaction in making things harder for those who, according to their views, "only wanted to take the bread out of their mouths!" To win a little half-grudging praise from one of these cross-grained but not bad-hearted old nurses on the ground of "not shirking her work," as she was obviously expected to do, was quite a triumph for the much-tried probationer of this period, and if her eager enthusiasm stood the essentially practical test applied to it—as I am glad to acknowledge it did in a large proportion of cases at the time to which I refer—there was scarcely room for the most sceptical to doubt its quality. But these were indeed hard days for nurses, and the sole merit we can discern in them, even in the retrospect, lies in the fact that all sentimental young women of the would-be heroine type were frightened away at once! In those days the "aggrieved probationer" was unheard of. If she did not get on in a hospital nobody wondered. If she succeeded she fully deserved the admiration accorded her. It is necessary to understand what life at the London Hospital meant only ten years ago if we would form a just estimate of the altered conditions and do full justice to those real workers who, by cheerful acceptance of the then existing hardships, and the severe self-sacrifice entailed, practically enabled these improvements to be brought about.

It was manifest that the wards were sadly under-nursed both on day and night duty, that the attendance on the patients was even less than it appeared to be, because so much of the actual ward work devolved upon the nursing staff. It was equally evident that larger numbers were required to relieve these overworked women, that more time off duty was a necessity to them, and that better arrangements for food, baths, and domestic comforts generally were essential. It was also agreed that a sound system of theoretical training by lectures and classes should be introduced; but this attractive part of the programme had to be set aside at first, until the fundamental changes of more vital importance could be inaugurated.

Each suggestion for improvement, of course, involved increased expenditure, and every item required on so large a scale was a

matter for careful and sometimes, no doubt, anxious consideration to the committee. But whatever the anxieties connected with the responsibility for expenditure in a hospital supported by voluntary contributions, I can honestly say that when once convinced of the necessity for the improvement indicated, the committee have never hesitated to sanction what they deemed fair towards every grade of workers in their institution. The main difficulty, then, to start with, was to find accommodation for the increased number of workers immediately sanctioned, and no time was lost in putting up extra beds in the already comfortless bedrooms, by way of making the most of the limited resources at our disposal. These rooms were crowded, but not unhealthily, as it was ascertained that there was abundance of cubic air space for each individual, but the limited floor space involved much discomfort. The trial to women of the better class, of never being alone for five minutes out of the twenty-four hours, is one that perhaps can hardly be estimated without personal experience of it.

While these steps were being taken to increase the number of the nursing staff, arrangements were also made for the employment of regular though non-resident ward-maids, to replace the little groups of scrubbers that might then be seen conversing in noisy tones about every ward, and dividing portions of the rough work between them for various small sums paid them by the hospital or the nurses themselves. It was arranged that a small army of regular scrubbers should invade the wards on Saturday mornings for the purpose of scrubbing the ward floors, so that this work, with a few necessary exceptions, should be done throughout the building on one day. A selection was made from the best of these char-women and 22 of them were appointed ward-maids with uniforms, partial board, fixed weekly payments, and regular hours, distinct duties being allotted to them. These women clean the grates and tidy them at intervals during the day, carry bread, milk, eggs, &c., from the lifts to their respective wards, relieve the nurses of every bit of scrubbing and of a large proportion of the cleaning of brasses, tins, &c., and the washing-up of the patients' dinner things. The nurses sweep and dust, wash up tea and breakfast things, cleanse all utensils and instruments required for the use of the patients, and

polish some of the brasses, such as the ventilating appliances, &c. At present I will not enter into the question of whether these things should or should not form any portion of a nurse's duties or training, but will confine myself to a simple statement of existing facts. Neither need I enter into the disputed points as to whether resident or non-resident ward-maids are to be preferred. In erecting a new hospital the consideration of this question would doubtless become important, but at the London Hospital want of space settled that point beyond dispute. Without expressing any opinion against the desirability of resident ward-maids, I can only say that non-resident ward-maids have worked admirably with us, and by insisting upon a rigid adherence to their time-tables we have found no reason to regret that resident ward-maids were impossible. This system was begun in February, 1881, and, as was only natural, was warmly appreciated by those nurses who found themselves immediately relieved of all the work that could strictly be characterised as "heavy." That these arrangements might be further developed with advantage I am not prepared to deny, but again I refrain from entering into our hopes and plans for the future.

After much discussion as to ways and means—practically as well as financially—the first regularly laid supper for the nurses took place in the nurses' dining-room on June 8th, 1881. This was followed by a regularly laid breakfast the next morning. The dinner for the day nursing staff was divided into two separately served meals, so that one half might remain in the wards while the other half went to dinner. The night nurses were henceforth relieved of this duty, and their own dinner was served to them in the Nursing Home at 10 a.m., so that they could have a substantial meal before going out, or be free to take a long day's rest in bed if they were so disposed. A comfortable supper was also arranged for them in the Nursing Home before they went "on duty."

After careful consideration we decided that it would be best simply to provide materials for "tea," and not insist upon regular attendance at a set meal, as at breakfast, dinner, and supper. It was understood that nurses would need a sort of second breakfast or early lunch between the 6.30 a.m. breakfast and the 12.45 p.m. or 1.15 p.m. dinner. It was better for the ward arrangements, and more

convenient to the nurses themselves, to get this little refreshment just when they felt inclined, and we thought that the same arguments applied to making their tea a movable feast to suit themselves in the wards. If any disliked the idea of getting their own food in the presence of the patients (though few ever did) the lobby dividing the wards stands apart, and was always at their disposal for early lunch or tea. Now that the new Nursing Home enables all who prefer it to get tea in their own rooms when "off duty," the freedom to do this is much appreciated, but the avoidance of a set tea for the whole nursing staff and allowing cosy afternoon tea arrangements has always been popular, and gives a touch of home life amidst the inevitable routine of a large institution.

By this time new time-tables for all grades of the nursing staff were introduced, and, in place of the four hours a week, two hours a day off duty was sanctioned for everyone. This was a very important step in the right direction; but even when the principle was agreed to it was extremely difficult to get it carried out in practice. The pressure of work was still very great; the increased numbers were yet wholly inadequate. The feeling remained among the old nurses that there was a kind of merit in remaining always on duty—the needs of the patients often justified this—though they liked to feel that it was an act of grace on their part, and that they might take their "two hours" if they liked. However, the victory has gradually been won, and for several years now every nurse and probationer takes her daily two hours off duty as a matter of course, and the time is given before 6 p.m., with a view to enable her to go out in the daylight if desiring to do so. If, in an altogether exceptional case this time were curtailed it would be duly reported, and extra time granted next day. Besides, without any curtailment of the regular two hours, all nurses and probationers get extra passes for four hours when the conditions of the wards in which they are working enables it to be done. This is freely encouraged, irrespective of the little personal favours asked by individual workers from time to time, and always granted as far is consistent with the discipline of a large establishment and the exigencies of the work. The holidays, which were at that time limited to a week per annum, were at once doubled, and a very

liberal interpretation has been placed upon this regulation. All change of air considered desirable without being strictly necessary, as well as that which is necessary, is granted as "sick leave," and may be added to the actual holiday, but is never deducted from it. This may seem a trifling matter, but when it applies to over two hundred persons, and has to be arranged separately in each individual case, and the work throughout the building always carried on with due regard to the welfare of the patients, such details are by no means as easy and simple as they may at first appear. As soon as possible we abolished the employment of outside women as nurses; indeed, it speedily became manifest how inadequate they were to the duties assigned to them, and it is many years now since any attempt was made to meet exceptional pressure in that wholly unsatisfactory manner.

The roughest part of the heavy work being taken off the nurses, regular meals in the Nursing Home instituted, the hours shortened by more "off duty" time, and the numbers considerably, if inadequately, increased, we thought it well to lose no time in beginning the proposed courses of lectures. On June 30th, 1881, Sir Andrew Clark, with his unfailing kindness, gave the inaugural lecture to the probationers of this Training School, and the success of the system of theoretical instruction was ensured by the consent of Dr. Sansom and Mr. Treves to give the proposed courses of lectures.

By this time applications were constantly made by ladies and others desirous of securing short periods of hospital training, who were willing to pay for the privilege, but who were unable to bind themselves for the full term of two years' training, or who were reluctant to do so until they had tried the experiment. We needed more workers sadly, but hitherto, with our limited space, we could not venture to take any who were not prepared to remain in the service of the hospital, provided they proved more or less suitable. However, the number of these applications showed plainly a need for these opportunities on behalf of a small section of the public and suggested a means of acceding to their request, and providing, at the same time, some additional help in the wards without adding to the hospital expenses. It was agreed that the only difference

made between "paying probationers" and others should be that they were supplied with a separate bedroom outside the hospital, and they were exempted from taking their turn at night duty as a matter of routine. In every other respect there was to be no distinction between paying and paid probationers.

In September, 1882, two small houses in Philpot-street, containing twelve bedrooms, were opened for this purpose. The demand for admission steadily increased, and in November, 1883, a third little house was added, making eighteen beds in all available for paying probationers. I should like to take this opportunity of protesting against the unfair tone of contempt which has occasionally been shown in speaking of "paying probationers." If they wish to play at nursing, to take less than their full share in the unattractive part of the work, on the ground of being paying instead of paid workers, I for one have nothing to say in their favour. I heartily agree that women of that stamp have mistaken their vocation, and deserve all the contempt they are likely to receive for voluntarily placing themselves in an entirely false position. But it is not to this type that the "paying probationers" of the London Hospital belong. They enter on the distinct understanding that the earnest tone which marks the work of our Training School throughout is expected from them also, and that the fact of being a "paying probationer" is not considered a merit or the reverse. Their work and standing in the hospital are exactly the same as the others, and I have no hesitation in saying that many of our best permanent workers, past and present, have come from the "paying probationers." If women in comfortable circumstances, with a taste and capacity for nursing, entered into competition with their poorer sisters, whose eagerness for training is stimulated by the fact that they must earn their own living, there might be some justice in complaining that the ranks of the unemployed should be swelled by those to whom work, in a pecuniary sense, is not a necessity; but surely it is unreasonable to complain that women who can afford to pay for their opportunities should be allowed to do so. It would be altogether a mistake to imagine that all who enter for a minimum term of three months leave at the expiration of that period. They frequently renew their engagement again and again. Some

continue as "paying probationers" throughout their complete training; some return again and again for other periods of three or six months, as they can be spared from home. Many *enter* as "paying probationers," because they or their friends wish them to have the prolonged trial of three instead of one month before entering upon the full term of training. In the course of years many who would not have been admitted at all after a personal interview have appeared upon the scenes as "paying probationers," and it is equally easy to recall many instances of the acceptance of would-be paid probationers whose unsuitability soon became apparent; but it would be absurd to argue from these exceptions that either set of probationers were reprehensible in themselves. I have no room to doubt that the advent of "paying probationers" has been beneficial. They were introduced with care as an experiment; their number slowly and deliberately increased, though always strictly limited; and, speaking for and of the large majority, it is but fair to say that the arrangement is, and has been, mutually satisfactory.

We still stuggled on, much pressed for accommodation. The need for a new nursing home was recognised by the committee, but the financial difficulty stood in the way. At last this problem was solved by the receipt of £10,000 as compensation from the East London Railway Company, and the prompt resolution of the committee to expend that sum in erecting our much-needed Nursing Home caused rejoicing amongst us. In no respect was the kind consideration of the committee for their nursing staff more clearly shown than in every detail of the arrangement of this new building. Cubicles were rejected, and a separate bedroom provided for every nurse and probationer. Adequate bath-room accommodation was arranged on every floor of the new building, and in addition to a kitchen and all the domestic offices necessary for the working of a separate establishment, with a distinct staff of Nursing Home servants, a large sitting-room and a quiet comfortable "sick room" was set apart for the use of nurses and probationers. Up to this time any member of the nursing staff incapacitated by illness, however slight, was of necessity "warded." It was impossible to leave a sick nurse day and night in a room shared by other nurses, and much as we deplored the need for sending a nurse who was

simply "not well" amongst cases of serious illness, we had no choice in the matter.

The Nursing Home was pronounced fit for use in March, 1886, though many rooms in the old home could not yet be allotted to their present purposes, for they were still needed to supply sleeping accommodation, while the crowded cubicles in the hospital, just vacated by the day nursing staff, were being transformed into comfortable separate bedrooms for night nurses. These new arrangements were all gradually brought into good working order, and were in a condition that the committee might feel justly proud of when the new Nursing Home was formally opened by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, on May 21st, 1887.

It must not be supposed that the food question was settled when regular meals were first served in the Nursing Home in June, 1881. The monotony in the meals supplied and the manner of serving were considered most unsatisfactory, and in November, 1882, a sub-committee was formed for the purpose of ascertaining what further modifications could be introduced. With all the cooking to be done in the limited space of one hospital kitchen, for a large number of people—and different sets of these people requiring their meals served at different hours—much variety was out of the question. Solid joints were the easiest things to provide, and nothing else could be obtained. It could not be denied that these constituted "plain wholesome food," and though it was conceded that an endless succession of these same joints might be unappetising it was found that, with sundry minor improvements then introduced, no further change could be secured until a separate kitchen was built. It is easy enough to fix upon one or two articles of diet occasionally introduced for the sake of variety and inveigh against the amount of nourishment contained in them, but reflection will show that this outcry is not very much to the point.

It will be admitted that popular housekeeping for a household of women requires a different bill of fare from that which would give satisfaction to a similar number of men. Nothing demands less thought from the housekeeper or gives less trouble to the cook than providing unlimited quantities of cold joints. Again and again in former days have I found excellent joints of meat—cooked and

allowed to get cold—left untouched, and in reply to my anxious inquiries the answer used to be—the nurses say "they do not care for cold meat." We have, therefore, been obliged to try other things, and only give them this very occasionally. In theory cold meat sounds more substantial than eggs, bacon, sausages, meat patties, ham, tongue, jam tarts, and cakes, but if it is found in practice that nurses leave the one and eat the others there is something to be said in favour of giving them that which they have been repeatedly proved to prefer. Both day and night nurses have fresh hot meat and vegetables, with fruit pies and puddings of all sorts, at least once a day, varied in summer with cold meat and salads, and in winter with stews and hot soups occasionally. Fish is a welcome change, and is always provided on Fridays—not instead of meat for those who prefer it—but in sufficient quantities for all who desire it to make a good dinner from fish, vegetables, and pudding. Breakfast, which has to be served at 6.30 a.m. punctually, must necessarily consist of cold dishes, except when boiled eggs are provided, with watercress and jam or marmalade, cold boiled bacon, ham, or tongue, and the much enjoyed but now abused sardines. These things about cover the range of choice at our disposal, and suppers have to be selected from such articles of diet as fried bacon, sausages, soup, milk puddings, curry, rissoles, mince, hash, cold meat, and cheese.

All whose business it is to cater for large numbers know what a temptation it is to fall into a fixed dietary. It simplifies matters immensely and saves those responsible a great deal of trouble. This temptation has been carefully guarded against at our Nursing Home. A record of the meals served every day in the year is entered in a book kept for the purpose, and daily reports as to the food and cooking are carefully filled in by the "sister" who presides at each different meal. It should be added that plenty of good milk is provided for those who prefer to drink it for dinner and supper, and that half-pint bottles of light ale and porter are placed on the sideboard in sufficient quantity for each one who likes to help herself. I cannot demonstrate in writing the important fact that the food mentioned is all of good quality and properly cooked, but I can emphatically state that such is the case, and further

suggest that any person sufficiently interested should come at any hour of the day or night and see for themselves. Our great hospital is always open to the public, and visitors are cordially welcomed.

One word more on the subject of night duty. Sitting up all night as well as all day is more or less the general idea prevalent in the public mind concerning night duty, and probationers often tell us with amusement how difficult they find it to make their friends realise that being on night duty in a hospital is not necessarily a terrible or exhausting experience. Night nurses have spent seven or eight hours peacefully sleeping in darkened rooms in comparatively quiet parts of the hospital set apart and kept absolutely undisturbed for the purpose. They have their "breakfast" and come to the wards for the most part quite prepared for the night's work awaiting them. The ward meal, which has been so much discussed and so little understood, is usually taken about 1 a.m., and is more or less equivalent to luncheon, and about 5 a.m., or some time just before they begin to prepare the patients' breakfast, they get themselves tea and toast—the night nurses' version of afternoon tea. It is as natural to the majority of them to eat a good dinner at 10 a.m. as it is for people whose day forms the other half of the twenty-four hours to dine at 7 or 8 p.m. Then, again, the sense of loneliness so familiar to a night watcher in a sick room does not exist in a hospital. There is a sort of quiet stir perceptible throughout the darkened wards all night. Nurses are scattered about the building in little groups as it were—very few are even comparatively alone. If a nurse is too engrossed with the needs of her patients to attend to her own wants a companion is almost certain to bear them in mind. In short, the reality presents a very different picture from the vision of depressed, weary workers toiling on, more or less deprived of their natural rest, and altogether deserving of pity. The majority of night nurses would infinitely prefer having the real nature of their work appreciated, if that were possible, than having the conditions under which they work almost universally misunderstood. I do not wish to imply that permanent night duty is desirable; my own conviction is to the contrary effect, though there are a few exceptions in almost every community of nurses who maintain that

it suits them best; but anyone who believes that a set of night nurses are necessarily less bright and cheerful than a set on day duty labours under a complete delusion. In no single instance has it happened in the London Hospital—for the last ten years at any rate—that a nurse who has been on duty all day has been kept up at night, whatever the difficulty or pressure may have been. The public may think it unnecessary to remark that so obviously undesirable an arrangement has never been resorted to, but those who have any conception of the difficulties of making adequate provision for the special nursing of critical cases in the days when we really were, and were acknowledged to be, short handed will appreciate the temptation it occasionally was to accept ready offers to continue on duty. These were frequently made by eager volunteers, of whom it is only fair to say they would have been slow indeed to regard themselves as martyrs, even if their willing self sacrifice had ever been permitted.

In September, 1880, the total number of the nursing staff was 128, and in those days there were no ward-maids. In July of this year the total number of the hospital nursing staff was 214, and there are 22 ward-maids, and it should be borne in mind that there has been no increase in the size of the hospital itself since the opening of the Grocers Company's Wing by her Majesty the Queen in March, 1876. In order to arrive at a really exact idea of the proportion of nurses to patients, a table was carefully prepared by request for the Select Committee of the Lords on Hospitals. In July and August we arrange for an exceptionally large number of annual holidays, so that on this occasion the proportion of nurses to patients may be regarded as distinctly lower than usual. On July 19th, the date immediately following this request, deducting all those working in the out-patient department, and therefore not to be counted as in attendance on the patients in the ordinary sense, all taking their monthly days and nights off duty, all on the sick list or absent on sick leave or annual holiday, the total actually available for day and night duty in the wards was 179—124 on day duty, 55 on night duty. The number of patients in the wards on July 19th, 1890, was 626; the daily average of patients in the wards for the week ending July 19th, 1890, was 607. Therefore, deducting the

exceptional number of 35 as unavailable for service in the wards for the various reasons enumerated, the proportion actually on duty was one nurse to every three and a-half patients, *i.e.*, one nurse to five one-tenth patients by day, and one nurse to eleven one-fifth patients by night. The necessity for this proportion between the day and night nursing staff arises from the fact that each person included in the 124 on day duty would have two hours off duty during the working day, whereas the 55 on night duty would be in the wards for twelve consecutive hours. The actual work of the day nursing staff is also increased by attendance on the visiting physicians and surgeons. At night the majority of patients in each ward would probably be asleep, and though individual patients require constant feeding and attention, no regular ward meals are served for the patients until their breakfast hour at 6 a.m. The idea of breakfast being served at this hour fills many kind-hearted people with dismay, but that is only because they have failed to realise for the moment that the majority of the hospital patients come from a class among whom early breakfasts are the order of the day. The lights are turned low and the wards quiet at eight o'clock the previous night, and in practice it would be found that a change of hours adapted to the habits of another class of household would be more productive of discomfort than satisfaction to the patients. With regard to this and many other details of a similar nature, a little experience tends to prove that the superficial view is wholly misleading, though, without coming into personal contact with hospital patients, it is not easy to sympathise fully with life from their point of view. It would be impossible as well as superfluous to enumerate all the minor improvements for the welfare of the patients and the comfort of the nursing staff that have been sanctioned by the committee from time to time. It is never forgotten that the hospital exists primarily for the benefit of the patients, but that fact should not be misinterpreted to mean that the interests of the nurses are therefore overlooked. It can scarcely have occurred to anyone in the face of the gradual, steady, but by no means slow progress that has been made, that any of the hospital authorities are inclined to imagine that perfection has been attained.

In July, 1889, the committee sanctioned the most liberal arrangements that have as yet been made by any institution for assisting members of their nursing staff to join the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses. Six months later they decided to spend £7,000 on extensive alterations in the sanitary arrangements, chiefly on the grounds that the defects of a large, old-fashioned building might involve greater risk to nurses in the discharge of their duties than need be the case in the light of modern improvements.

On a careful review of these plain facts I find infinitely more grounds to justify the contented appreciation of a large majority of our workers than reasons to complain that more has not already been done for the benefit of the nursing staff. The duty of a hospital nurse means still comparatively hard work; her hours are long, the sacrifices demanded of her in some instances are, doubtless, very real, but instead of hastily condemning a carefully organised and adaptable system, should we not do well to pause and inquire wherein lies the attraction of this work to the best type of women who enter upon it? In this age when the facilities for taking up hospital work are so increased and the old hardships so modified, there is a tendency on the part of unsuitable persons to rush into it far too lightly. When they find that hospital life is what it always professes to be, real hard work, instead of sentiment and excitement, they feel unreasonably injured and disappointed. The women who would make the best mothers make the best nurses; but all who flatter themselves that their special vocation is nursing are by no means thus gifted. The discontented member of a family who leaves home because she is an element of discord, and very full of herself, does not become a shining light in the hospital world either, and it would be of service to all concerned if this fact were more widely recognised. The duties of a true mother and of a real nurse are not merely mechanical, and their work cannot advantageously be regulated as though that were the case. That it is strictly the duty of a hospital committee to provide for the welfare of its servants is beyond question, but it would be difficult to say how more consideration could have been shown here, or more encouragement given to look for the fulfilment

of other hopes when their realisation becomes a practical possibility. If it were possible that the public could realise, as those of us who spend our lives in a hospital can scarcely fail to do, the simple, quiet, unconscious heroism with which the best sort of nurses discharge their duties, committees of hospitals would soon cease to have financial difficulties to contend with where their nurses are concerned. I speak of women who have not even a passing inclination to exaggerate the hardships of their lot, but, who having their hearts in their work, find happiness and contentment in it. In hospitals, as elsewhere, more workers would mean lighter work. The applicants for hospital training are innumerable. The demand for skilled nurses throughout the country is far in excess of the supply, and will probably remain so for many years to come. The want of money to provide increased accommodation for nurses is the trouble at too many hospitals, but it must be conceded that the chief needs of the London Hospital nursing staff have not been ignored.

EVA C. E. LÜCKES.

CANON LIDDON.

DURING the last fortnight all the public prints have teemed with memoirs and reminiscences and anecdotes of the great preacher who has just passed away. Magazine and journal and pulpit have borne witness to the widespread influence which he exercised upon all classes. My purpose here is rather to say a few words by way of reminiscence.

At every period of Liddon's life he left his impress upon those with whom he came in contact. As a student of Christ Church, as a parish clergyman, as vice-principal of Cuddesden, as a resident in Oxford, as canon of St. Paul's, his life was all through marked by an earnestness and a power which could not fail to do its work. It has been said that in his early academic career he was heavily weighted by the fact that he came up to Christ Church very young, and had to compete with men older than himself; but this drawback, such as it was, was not without its corresponding advantages. When my friendship with him commenced he was entering upon his twenty-fifth year, and the amount of solid learning, as well as the definitely formed character, which he brought with him to Cuddesden would have been remarkable in a much older man. It was there that his great power of influence was first developed. A great preacher, speaking after the death of Bishop Selwyn, took for his text the question, "Tell me wherein thy great strength lieth?" (Judg. xvi. 6); and if we were asked wherein Liddon's strength lay we should say, first in his strong moral convictions, next in his powerful hold upon definite truth and ability to defend it, and last, not least, his singular sweetness and persuasiveness of manner and of character.

And the same elements were developed in him at a later period

as a preacher. It is probable that in this relation he is most widely known, and will be most deeply regretted. As a preacher, his influence has been unique in our time—more powerful, as I believe, even than that of the present Bishop of Peterborough or the late Bishop Wilberforce, notwithstanding the close logic of the former and the persuasive rhetoric of the latter; for Liddon combined the two. Profound and ever-increasing stores of learning, careful study and preparation, great power of language, a clear, distinct intonation, and withal that great force which earnest personal conviction brings with it (the ἠθίκη πίστις of Aristotle), these seem to me to have been some of the elements of his strength. It has been said that his style was formed upon French rather than English models. True, so far that he held the great French preachers to have reached the highest perfection of pulpit oratory, Bourdaloue was his ideal; but Liddon was no copyist, either in matter or manner, and when, in a recent paper, Mr. Gladstone characterised one of his sermons as having "risen to the very highest level of British eloquence, exhausting all the resources of our language," he was expressing the feeling of many besides himself. Of persuasive speaking we can hardly have a more competent judge than Mr. Gladstone.

I have said that as a preacher Liddon has been best known and will be longest remembered. But I do not forget the debt we owe to his theological writings—notably to his *Bampton Lectures*. Here, again, much as he owed (in earlier days especially) to Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble—a debt which he himself was ever forward to recognise—his method of theological controversy and theological statement was specially his own. We live in an age when things change very rapidly; and the defence of the Faith needs to be varied, even in the course of a few years. As Liddon matured in years, the somewhat peremptory and impatient manner of his earlier days mellowed down, and he would listen with all consideration to those from whom he differed, while steadily holding his own.

His special mission, whether as a preacher or as a writer, seems to me to have been the vindication of the truth and catholicity of the English Church, in this respect treading in the footsteps of Dr.

Pusey. There was not in him the least inclination to concede anything to the claims of the modern Ultramontane. There are those who could tell how his counsel and guidance have steadied and directed them at a time when they were tempted to doubt the stability of their own position, and to seek for greater security in another communion. Liddon was essentially a loyal Anglican, but, in common with many others, he was indignant at the trammels in which the Erastianism of the day had bound the English Church. His standpoint as regards the claims of our Episcopate is sufficiently indicated in his sermon preached at the consecration of Bishop King. It was well said by one, who knew him well, on the day of his funeral, that there was in him a restful confidence, grounded upon a sound theology, and upon an assured belief in the Church of which he was a member.

Of his charm in private life, of the value of his personal friendship, of the brilliancy of his conversation, of his quiet humour and power of sarcasm—ever kept within due bounds—of these things I do not trust myself to speak. Much that I might say seems too private and too sacred for these pages. It is rather of his public life and his work for the Church that I write.

In one of the reviews of Liddon's life and work it was said that his attitude towards the Public Worship Regulation Act was hardly consistent with the loyalty due to the Anglican theory of Church and State. The writer could hardly have apprehended the standpoint of those (and they are many) who cordially agree in this matter with the Canon. Mischievous as the Act in question has proved itself—vicious in principle and harmful in working—the objection to the procedure of our ecclesiastical courts dates from a much earlier period. The present constitution of the final Court of Appeal is wholly different from what was intended by what is sometimes called the Reformation settlement; the Judicial Committee is a tribunal very different indeed from the old Court of Delegates, and the course of its procedure, and the grounds on which some of its decisions have been based, are at variance with the first principles of English justice. This was Liddon's belief, and this was the ground taken in his letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge on the Purchas judgment, and of his appeal to the Bishop

of London, when, in conjunction with Canon Gregory, he asked to have a case so framed as to come before a court of common law under the provisions of the Act of Uniformity. Bishop Jackson, as is well known, did not see his way to granting the request. Some of us still regret that Liddon's appeal failed.

Many comments have been made upon the fact that no one of the many bishoprics which have fallen vacant of late years had been offered to Liddon, until it was too late for him to accept the burden. And this omission has been freely commented upon, as illustrating the charge against the English Church that she never sets her best men in the highest places. No doubt Mr. Gladstone made the wisest choice when he placed Liddon in a stall at St. Paul's; an English bishopric, with all the wear and tear which that position involves, would not have been the place best adapted for him. Possibly those who have urged his claims have hardly realised what a Bishop's work in our Church must needs be. As a member of the College of Bishops, Liddon's influence would have been invaluable; for diocesan organisation it may be doubted whether he possessed either the genius or the physical strength. In other cases we have seen the experiment made of removing a man from work for which he was eminently fitted to what was thought a higher position, and the Church at large has hardly benefited by the change.

In politics, Liddon has been called a Liberal. It would be, perhaps, truer to say that his personal esteem for Mr. Gladstone, as a man, and his admiration for him as a statesman, greatly influenced his political line of thought. In any case, Liddon was no party man, although upon many political questions he felt very strongly, and expressed himself very freely, especially upon any which involved the relations between Christendom and Islam.

The memory of great preachers rapidly fades away, as those pass away who heard them; but their work remains. Liddon was much more than a preacher; and his work will bear fruit long after the voice has ceased to be heard.

ALFRED POTT.

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND THE TRADES CONGRESS.

THE future historian may find a clue to certain currents of thought and to divers modes of action in years subsequent to this date by referring to the records of the twenty-third Trades Union Congress, held in Liverpool during the first week in September, 1890. The purpose of this paper is to ascertain, as clearly as may be, the meaning of the acts and resolves of the Congress and their scope, to appraise their value, and to estimate their probable effects and results. It will also seek to explain wherein this Congress differs from preceding Trades Congresses, in its composition and character, in its aims and objects, and in the methods and means by which the ends proposed are sought to be attained. Incidentally other issues which have been raised will be touched upon, in so far as they have any relation to the subject-matter in hand.

The Social Democratic Federation claim the victory at the Congress. This is clearly set forth in the "resolution which was unanimously passed by the General Council at their meeting on Tuesday, September 9th, as follows:—

"That this meeting of the General Council of the Social Democratic Federation heartily congratulates the Trades Union Congress at Liverpool on its majority of thirty-eight in favour of an eight hours day, or forty-eight hours a week, enacted by law for all trades; upon its unanimous vote in favour of the establishment of municipal workshops by the municipalities and County Councils; but still more cordially offers its fraternal greetings to those fifty-five Social Democratic delegates who voted for the out-and-out revolutionary Social Democratic resolution, moved by James Macdonald, and seconded by John Burns, thus giving a great impulse to the vigorous propaganda carried on by the Social Democratic Federation for the past ten years."

That "the Social Democratic delegates" scored some sort of victory cannot be denied; the extent and real value of the victory will be dealt with in the subsequent pages, each under its proper head.

The composition and character of the Congress must be taken into account, in estimating its force and value. The Congress was the largest ever held. The total number of delegates present was 457. The greatest number ever present before was 310, at Dundee in September, 1889. Prior to that the highest number reached was at Sheffield in 1874, when 169 delegates put in an appearance. The total number of societies represented, or stated to be represented, was 311; the records, however, do not bear out that computation. As it is in the composition of the Congress that we must look for some explanation of the strange drama there enacted, a few definite particulars must be given of its actual character as a representative body.

The total number of Trades Unionists said to be represented by the 311 societies, and their 457 delegates, is stated to have been 1,470,191 members. At the Sheffield Congress, in 1874, the total number returned on the credential forms as being represented was 1,191,922. But an examination of the credentials disclosed the fact that many of the returns were duplicates, and did not, therefore accurately set forth the actual number of Unionists behind the delegates. In the first place, the Trades Councils give the total number of the affiliated members as their representation at Congress; and, secondly, all delegates sent by branches of unions fill in the return for all the members of such branches, thus there is obviously a duplicate, often a triplicate return. A general union, or amalgamated society, is usually represented by its accredited officials, or delegates, elected either by the council, or more generally by the entire society. If a branch sends a delegate, such delegate represents in duplicate as many members as that branch consists of, the whole being already given in on the credential form of the union. Inasmuch as a trades council consists of representatives of the unions, it is evident that they, in all cases, count the total number of affiliated members and return them on the credential, notwithstanding the fact that the members are already counted in the credential

of the union, and again very frequently in the separate branches which constitute the trades council in a given locality. This is precisely what occurred at Liverpool; but the duplicate returns were indulged in to even a greater extent, in some cases in such a way as to border upon actual misrepresentation. This fact must be stated, let the explanation be what it may.

At the recent Congress thirty-five trades councils were represented by fifty-five delegates, the total number of whose members is stated to have been 314,048. Two other delegates, returning 4,250 members, ought perhaps to be added to this category. These deducted at once reduce the number to 1,152,893. The Dock and General Labourers' Union was represented by three delegates, returning as their constituency 56,000 members; then the Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Labourers' Union sent one delegate, representing the same number, 56,000 members. The Gas Workers and General Labourers of Great Britain and Ireland, Bristol, sent one delegate, representing 60,000 members, followed by the Gas Workers and General Labourers' Union of Great Britain and Ireland, sending four delegates, representing 60,000 members. Four other districts of the Gas Workers sent four additional delegates. The Labour Protection League sent two delegates, representing 5,000 members; the National Labour Union one delegate, representing 40,000 members, and the Labourers' Union two delegates, representing 1,200 members. The total number of members thus given is 278,200; if we allow one-half as being actually in union, this reduces the total number represented at Congress to 1,013,793. The Miners had undoubtedly a large bonâ fide representation, but the returns show a large number of duplicates. The Durham miners had two delegates, representing 40,000 members; the Northumberland miners two delegates, representing 16,009 members. Then comes the National Federation of Miners with five delegates, representing 120,000 members; besides which there were the National Union of Miners with six delegates, representing 50,000 members. In addition to those, eighteen other miners' associations sent forty-four delegates, representing 153,038 members. The aggregate of those associations makes a total of 379,047 members. If we credit the miners with one-half this huge total

the aggregate represented at the Congress is still further reduced by 189,524 members, leaving a total of 824,269. The Railway Servants return a total membership of 59,700 in three unions, represented by four delegates. The Sailors and Firemen's Union sent twenty-one delegates, from eighteen different centres, representing a total of 45,724, besides the Hull Seamen's Union with 900 members. The Shipwrights and other analogous associations sent seventeen delegates, representing 15,605 members, from eleven shipping centres. The Tailoring trades sent nine delegates, from six centres, representing a total of 22,441 members. The Boot and Shoe trades sent seven delegates, from as many centres, representing a total of 56,800 members. The various branches of the Textile trades sent twenty-five delegates, from sixteen centres, representing 58,351 members, and the Weaving branches thirty-six delegates, from nineteen centres, representing 94,773. Thus the Textile trades had sixty-one delegates, from thirty-five centres, representing 153,124 members. Thus we find that of the computed 824,269 members of unions represented, 354,294 belonged to six departments of our national industry, leaving only 469,975 for all the other trades. It would not have been necessary to be thus minute had it not been for the attempt to magnify the representative character of the Congress, and also the political and industrial significance of its votes, in favour of the policy of the Social Democratic Federation.

The significance of the gathering, and its influence from a political standpoint, must also be tested by the material resources which the different bodies contribute to the work of the Congress. No accredited delegate of the Congress was debarred from voting upon any question, except the election of secretary and the members for the Parliamentary Committee. When the votes were taken for these it was found that a large number of delegates were disqualified by reason of the fact that the societies sending them had contributed nothing to the expenses. The contributions are purely voluntary, and 5s. for the year, or even 2s. 6d., would have qualified the delegates so to vote. But the amount was not forthcoming. In a rough-and-ready kind of way the Congress have resolved that taxation and representation shall go together—not on the demo-

cratic principle of a graduated income-tax, not even in proportion to members, but on the principle of paying something. The report disclosed the fact that forty-seven societies, sending seventy delegates, purporting to represent 223,892 members, had contributed the munificent sum of £4 1s. between them. Of these, forty-three societies, sending fifty-four delegates, had contributed nothing whatever to the expenses. Of the total trades of the United Kingdom, only twenty societies contributed £10 and upwards; the other 220 unions that contributed having given smaller sums, under £10, ranging from 5s. per society to £7 7s., the highest. It seems almost paltry to talk of cash payments, when we are face to face with heroic principles, but the sinews of war must come from somewhere, as the State has not yet sanctioned expenditure out of the Exchequer for Social Democratic propagandist purposes. Whether Mr. Hyndman's *bourgeois* who finds the money, or guarantees it, "out of his neighbour's pockets in the ordinary way of society as at present constituted," is to run the democratic show, as endorsed by the Trades Union Congress, must remain a matter of speculation.

The election of the Parliamentary Committee was to a great extent a test of the opinions of the Congress, above and beyond the personal likes and dislikes as regards the candidates. The voting also took into account the question of the pecuniary support given by the societies towards the expenses of the work of the Parliamentary Committee, as well as the character of the candidates. It is a notable fact, in this connection, that the democratic candidate par excellence, Mr. John Burns, was thirteenth on the list, being altogether out of the running in the supreme effort to get a place on the Committee. Mr. J. H. Wilson, who headed the list, though not an old trade unionist, was a member of the Committee last year, and his society contributed £50. The other nine are all old trade unionists, although Mr. Pickard, M.P., and Mr. W. Matkin were elected for the first time. The next two on the list are old trade unionists and old members of the Congress, nearly from the first assembly. Some of the old members of the Committee are low on the list, but the new men—the Social Democratic candidates—are nowhere, with the exception of Mr. Burns, who got on to the Com-

mittee by the mere accident of Mr. Birtwistle's resignation, the latter having had more than double the number of votes recorded for the former. The exact numbers were : Birtwistle, 215 ; Burns, 101; majority over Burns, 114. As the Committee now stands, with Mr. John Burns added, the latter will find it more difficult to domineer than he did in Congress, and even there his overbearing conduct was much resented. The successful candidates represented a money contribution to expenses of nearly £250, and they embody experience and judgment in trade union matters. Their difficulties are increased, no doubt, by Congress resolutions, but men of courage will know how to cut a knot if they are not able to untie it.

The election of secretary to the Parliamentary Committee was made the occasion for an expenditure of a good deal of warmth of feeling and expression ; but even Mr. Hyndman can hardly contend that the result was a victory for the Social Democratic cause. In the opinion of those who know, it is quite the reverse. Mr. C. Fenwick, M.P., is an able, thoughtful, upright, and conscientious man. He is practical to a degree which will astonish Social Democrats. He is the least likely of all men to be led by the nose, or to be imposed upon by a nostrum. Whether he will be wholly able to resist the democratic torrent of uninformed opinion on labour questions, and on social and political subjects generally, remains to be seen ; but that he will be honest no one can doubt who knows the man. The nearest approach to the democratic idea was Mr. Councillor Threlfall, of Southport, but he only scored seventy-six votes. Of course his quarrel with some of the democratic leaders some time ago, over their political action, alienated support ; for the Social Democracy can never forgive a slight, or overlook the incivility of daring to think and act for one's self. With respect to the other candidate, Mr. Shipton, he polled well, all things considered, but he threw away whatever chance he might have had by voting for the "legal eight hours day" after he had declared against it. His explanation is that the Trades Council, which sent him as delegate, had resolved to support it. Mr. Fenwick did not stultify himself. He stood firm to his principles. The victory was with Mr. Fenwick, not with the Social Democrats. The latter dared not run their own man for the post; any such man

would have been ignominiously rejected by the Congress, whatever his views on Social Democracy, the eight hours, or other subjects.

An incident in connection with the Congress which shows a certain amount of deterioration was its conduct to visitors, or "strangers." This was exemplified in two instances, both of which are regrettable. The first was the way in which the suggestion inviting the Mayor to the platform was met, as was also that inviting other "distinguished visitors." The delegates at former Congresses could never be accused of "toadyism," but they were usually courteous in their behaviour. In this instance the delegates had been the guests of the Mayor, representing the municipality, but his reception was such that he preferred to remain in the gallery, as did also Mr. Samuel Plimsoll and Mr. John Burnett, rather than accede, under the circumstances, to the invitation of the chairman to "come to the platform." Mr. Cunningham Graham, having no such scruples, responded to the invitation. To end the scene, or the farce, Mr. John Burns proposed that the "list be closed." The second case presents features still more remarkable. A deputation of two waited upon Congress to explain the cause of Co-operation; they were working men's representatives, they represented one aspect of the labour cause. The Standing Orders Committee recommended that they be heard. The Congress was equally divided as to whether or not they should be heard. The chairman, having a casting vote, invited one of the two delegates to address the assembly for *five minutes*. Now it must be remembered that Co-operators are working men, hard-working and thrifty men. They have shown what might be done, can be done for labour, in a variety of ways. They were snubbed by the New Trades Unionism. For good manners, for decent behaviour, for courteous hearing of opponents, for general conduct in Congress, the gathering of 1890 must be pronounced to have deteriorated, as compared with previous assemblies of the kind. A man's fitness for liberty is commensurate with his willingness to concede equal freedom to others. By this test the Congress was a failure, for scant consideration was accorded to the veterans in the labour cause.

With respect to the acts and resolves of Congress, the Social Democrats claim a victory. Be it so. They will care little,

probably, for the foregoing criticisms, but the public will care a good deal; and the great body of English artisans will also care a good deal when they know all the circumstances, and can appreciate all that the facts indicate. By their words and deeds the new element shall be judged. Let us see what they mean. The leading points in the new programme, formulated at the Congress, not by its official representative Committee, and submitted to Congress, were as under. The resolutions and instructions are not taken in the order in which they were passed, but are grouped so as to exhibit their tendency and scope.

Picketing.—The Parliamentary Committee reported that they had given careful attention to this subject; that "the law was perfectly clear in the permission it gives to peaceful picketing . . . successfully, and without any liability to prosecution." They then refer to "the judgment of Mr. Justice Cave, at the Bristol Spring Assizes, in which he clearly upheld the rights of workmen in this matter." A resolution was moved to the effect that if any member of a union was convicted of picketing without violence, under the Act of 1875, the Committee should take steps to have the Act more clearly defined. This was reasonable, and quite in the spirit of the older Unionism. But an amendment was moved and carried, by 154 votes to 9, or by little more than one-third of the entire voting power of Congress, instructing "the Parliamentary Committee to have the clauses making picketing illegal entirely repealed." There is no allusion in this amendment to peaceful picketing, or picketing without violence; it simply demands that Section 7 of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, shall be repealed. What does this mean? The section in question created no new offence—it rather limited and defined what constituted illegal picketing. The section was not only approved by the Parliamentary Committee of that day, but it was actually drafted at their instance, and it was approved by the Congress held in Glasgow, in October of the same year in which it was passed. In brief, the section provides a penalty for intimidation, by violence or annoyance to workmen, their wives, or children, or injury to their property; for persistently following a person from place to place with the view to compel him to do or

abstain from doing any act which he has a legal right to do, or abstain from doing, wrongfully and without legal authority; hiding the tools, clothes, or other property of the other person, or depriving him of the use of his own property; watching or besetting the house or other place where such other person resides, or works, or carries on his business, &c., with the view to compel him to do or abstain from doing any act; or following such other person, in conjunction with others, in a disorderly manner. Each and all of such acts must be done or committed with a view to *compel* a man to do something repugnant to him, or abstain from doing something he desires to do. It is the compulsion which constitutes the offence, not persuasion, not legitimate influence, not even refusal to work with a man obnoxious to the union or to the strikers. This is clear from the proviso at the end of the section. What is it, then, that Congress has assented to, by 115 votes to 9, out of 457 delegates? Why, the plain meaning is this: that compulsion *by trade unionists* shall be lawful. The singular thing in this connection is that, on the very same day, the Congress, by a unanimous vote, condemned the shadowing of trade unionists. That is to say, picketing of trade unionists is to be unlawful, picketing by trade unionists is to be lawful. The folly of such a contention is obvious. Whether the opposing propositions were the outcome of perverseness, ignorance, or wicked wilfulness, the result is the same. It was a stupid blunder.

The Eight Hours.—The resolution on the eight hours question was in favour of an eight hours day, or a maximum of forty-eight hours per week in all trades by Parliamentary enactment. The amendment was in favour of an eight hours day, in such trades as might desire it, by means of the combined action of unions. When the amendment was put to the vote the figures stood thus: For the amendment, 173; against, 181; majority against, 8 only. The resolution was then put as a substantive motion, when the numbers were: For the resolution, 193; against, 155; majority for, 38.* To rightly understand this vote it is essential to remember

* Mr. John Burns, in his Battersea speech, on Tuesday, September 9th, claims "that 184 delegates out of the 193 who voted in favour of the resolution, represented 904,000 skilled and unskilled artizans." The value of that boastful contention may be seen by the figures given in the paragraphs relating to the composition of the Congress, *Vide* pp. 310-312, *ante*.

that the Congress consisted of 457 delegates, all of whom were entitled to vote on this crucial question. Of this total, 354 only voted on the amendment, while on the main question only 348 voted, so that there were fewer by six votes on the main question than on the amendment, though the majority was 38 in the latter case, as against 16 in the former case. In the divisions there were 103 absent in the first voting, and 109 absent in the second—the most important vote of the entire Congress. It is a misfortune that the relative value of the votes given on either side cannot be appraised at their legitimate real value, as no record exists by which to discriminate between the opposing forces, as to what they really represented. It was merely a counting of heads, or rather of hands, of the delegates who happened to be present. But if the actual worth of the vote cannot be computed it can be estimated. Mr. Hall claimed that the miners he, Mr. Pickard, and others represented equalled one-eighth of the whole Congress; if that be so, Mr. Holmes, speaking on behalf of the textile trades, represented nearly three-eighths, so that the votes of the textile trades' delegates more than counterbalanced the votes of the miners, especially as the Durham and Northumberland miners voted against the resolution. If these two opposing forces represented one-half the total members represented by delegation to the Congress, wherein consisted the numerical strength of the remaining votes? Whether tested by the individual votes recorded by the delegates or by the numbers stated on the credential forms as their constituents, the answer is obvious; for, whatever it be worth, the decision was mainly given by the New Unionists. This fact, while it lessens the value of the decision as an active political force, does not diminish its importance as a disturbing element in politics and in industry. The unions are nearly unanimous in their desire for an eight hours day; it has been the dream of centuries; but they are divided upon the question as to whether it shall be obtained by associative effort or by Act of Parliament. The Social Democracy are in favour of the latter mode; they scored by a temporary triumph of 38 votes in a Congress where 109 were absent. The shouts of victory would seem to imply that the mere registering of that vote had secured the Act of Parliament. But its importance

is diminished still more by the fact that the miners—"one-eighth of the Congress"—are only in favour of the eight hours day for miners; this is their declaration. The vote was for eight hours "in all trades by Parliamentary enactment." The baker, the butcher, and the greengrocer; the barmaid, the kitchenmaid, and the seamstress; the sailor, the railway employé, and the footman—why not? The Bill of the Parliamentary Committee will be judged by the resolution. If drafted on its lines a man or woman will not be able to work more than eight hours, except, possibly, by the consent of the inspectors, whose duty it will be to see the Act enforced. All rules as to extra pay for overtime can be annulled. Leisure will be provided for men to count up their diminished earnings, and recreation will have to be found for them, in leisure hours, to keep them out of mischief. They surely will not run the streets, like naughty boys, or the consequences might be dangerous. To whom much is given, much will be required.

Government and Municipal Workshops.—Second only in importance to the vote on the eight hours day was the motion of Mr. Tom Mann, seconded by Mr. B. Tillett, the president and secretary of the Dockers' Union, demanding "that power should at once be granted to each municipality or county council to establish workshops and factories under municipal control, where such (unemployed) persons shall be put to useful employment, and that it be an instruction to the Parliamentary Committee to at once take the matter in hand." This resolution was declared to be "carried unanimously—much to the surprise of a great many people," the reports added. The Congress also carried a resolution against trades being carried on in prisons the products of which might come into competition with outside labour. When municipal and county council workshops are instituted we shall probably hear protests from Social Democrats, if any are then extant, against State labour coming into competition with free labour. This State workshop scheme is borrowed from Louis Blanc, and we know how that fared in the capital of France—Paris, the beau ideal of a municipality in the eyes of Social Democrats.

Government and Municipal Contracts.—Another resolution, also carried unanimously, was against all contracts in connection

with public bodies, and in favour of all work by Government, municipalities, county councils, or other local bodies being done by the public administrative bodies themselves, without any contractor. Much can be urged, no doubt, against the system of contracting so long in vogue, and probably much in favour of giving contracts to working men's associations, if any exist, which could undertake such work. But those who know most about Government work, and of work done by municipal and local bodies, are nearly unanimously of opinion that anything more wasteful, extravagant, and unsatisfactory cannot well be conceived. The general view of competent judges is that the system of contracting should be amended, but that more, not less, of public work should be done by public tender, on such a basis as would ensure both quality and quantity at equitable rates.

Labour Exchanges.—The Congress could not swallow Mr. Quelch's resolution for the establishment of labour exchanges, "provided and maintained out of the public funds, in every industrial centre in the kingdom," only 92 being found to vote for it. If established, these labour exchanges would practically supplant trade unions, certainly among that class so recently organised, namely, unskilled labour. But the Congress would not thus stultify itself—it would have none of these State houses of call for labour.

Nationalisation of Land, Railway, Shipping, &c.—The Council of the Social Democratic Federation claim a great victory by reason of the fact "that fifty-five Social Democratic delegates voted in favour" of "the out-and-out revolutionary Social Democratic revolution, proposed by James Macdonald, and seconded by John Burns, thus giving a great impulse to the vigorous propaganda carried on by the Social Democratic Federation for the past ten years." The "resolution" alluded to was an amendment to a resolution declaring "that no candidate should receive the support of the working classes unless he declared in favour of the nationalisation of land, shipping, railways, and all other means of production." The wording of the amendment is rather mixed, for shipping and railways are means of transit and distribution, not of production, but the words "all other means of production," in the amendment, indicate its scope. The "General Council of the Social Democratic Federation" must be

satisfied with small mercies, for Mr. James Macdonald narrowly escaped a vote of expulsion over his amendment, and he had to sit down by simply "handing in his proposition."

The foregoing are the chief items in the programme in which the Social Democrats boastfully pride themselves upon having scored a success. For the most part it is a barren victory at the best. The secession of Mr. Birtwistle, and the condemnation of the proceedings by his colleagues; the abstentions from the divisions of so large a proportion of delegates, nearly one-fourth on the eight hours question; and the general weariness of the delegates with the farce being played, attest how little value can be attached to the Social Democratic triumph.

Labour Representation.—How many of the delegates had in their mind's eye the constituencies which in future they are to contest, it is not possible to say. On this question, as on most others, the reliance was on State pay—of election expenses, and salaries to the candidates returned. There was the usual complaint about Labour members, and the accusation that they are mere hangers-on to a political party. The latter, at least, is a base calumny. The speeches and votes of the "Labour members" in the House of Commons are a sufficient answer to the wilfully false allegation. The facts are these: five of the Labour members are paid by their unions, the miners of Great Britain; three earn their own living, without assistance either from the trades or political parties in the House or out of it; the fourth was, up to September 4th, 1890, the paid servant of the Congress. But, of course, all the honesty of labour is centred in the one man of all others, the man who, according to his own statement, is to be forced into Parliament against his will, who stated that "he would rather go to prison six times than go to Parliament once," the immaculate John Burns. No wonder he stated that he was in an unfortunate position; but as force is Mr. Burns' panacea for many things, he must swallow the Parliamentary dose on compulsion, and obey the mandate of the constituency. Brave John Wilson, the latest addition to the Labour party in the House, an able and conscientious man, replied to the "foul imputations" of Mr. Burns, amid the applause of the Congress. One delegate proposed that, as there was a great

demand for Labour candidates, Government grants should be made to prepare them for the duties of legislation. Another delegate seconded the resolution, but on a division it was lost. Of course. The bare idea of any man at Congress not being well qualified for a seat in Parliament was too absurd. The only thing wanting is the constituencies willing to send such men. These found, the House can be filled to overflowing with suitable candidates, all ready for the duties and responsibilities of such an honoured trust.

Miscellaneous Instructions and Votes.—The entire programme is not exhausted by the preceding list of propositions, and instructions to the Parliamentary Committee. The Factory and Workshops Acts are to be extended and amended in such a way that, if the resolutions are carried out, all kinds of domestic labour will become impossible, all the workers being driven into factories or workshops by Act of Parliament. Doubtless the domestic workshop has degenerated; perhaps it would be better if the factory was everywhere substituted; but to force the question, by political action, will result in loss, distress, possibly ruin, to many workers. With the large extension of the Factory Acts contemplated by the resolutions there was naturally a demand for a large increase in the staff of inspectors, possibly by hungry expectants for the post. The resolutions respecting mines and mining also contemplated a large increase of inspectors, practical knowledge and mining experience to be the qualification for the post. This at least is just and reasonable, for human life is at stake. The demands made with respect to seamen and shipping were, perhaps, just, but they are sufficient, taken together, to frighten the whole shipping trade of the world. The instructions to the Parliamentary Committee to undertake a national propaganda, with a staff of lecturers and organisers, look formidable; but where is the money to come from? However, Congress jibbed at the proposal of Mr. B. Tillett to undertake to organise the agricultural labourers, euphoniously classed with blacklegs. The Congress sanctioned the principle of trades councils assisting in the work. Conciliation got a slap in the face by the rejection of the motion, as proposed, and the adoption of an amendment restricting such boards absolutely to the employers and workmen affected, and not to include outside bodies. In the con-

stitution of permanent boards this is done already, but the Dockers ought not to forget the excellent work done in their behalf by the improvised committee in London last Autumn.

Net and Probable Results.—It is always more or less difficult to predicate or estimate the possible and probable results and effects of any given course of action, because so many intervening influences may start up to modify, and sometimes to change altogether the circumstances, and determine the subsequent action. In this case it is extremely probable, almost certain, that modifications and changes will take place, greatly affecting the decisions arrived at by the Congress. Besides which the results may be immediate, or they may be remote; the effects may be partial, may be direct, or they may be indirect in their operation; and possibly they may be found working quite out of the ordinary way, unexpectedly. A few of the results and effects of the proceedings and decisions may, however, be ventured upon in concluding this article. The first obvious result has been to lower the tone and lessen the prestige of Congress, as an institution. There is little doubt about that fact. In the next place, they have caused dissension and precipitated secession; the extent of the latter is as yet uncertain. They have tended to discredit the common-sense action of the Congress, and detract from its influence and power, as a practical body, existing for purely practical purposes. The Congress has taken a step towards degenerating into a Social Democratic convention, whose ambition would seem to be to construct a new "social contract," even less possible of realisation than that of Rousseau. The seeds of decay have been sown, which will bring forth fruit after their kind. Those that sow the wind will assuredly reap the whirlwind. For years the Congress has been gradually dropping away from its earlier political complexion, and becoming more and more an industrial institution. It has suddenly changed its tone and its policy. Instead of being industrial it has become revolutionary. Ere long it might seek to imitate the heroes of the French Revolution of a century ago; dark hints thereof and thereat have already been uttered. The proximate effect of the decisions may be a complete change in the political situation. Instead of Ireland for the Irish, it may be England for the English, result-

ing in a further reconstitution of political parties, with quite another platform and party cry. In the industrial world we may predicate contention and strife, unless Hayes' Wharf and Southampton leave a lesson of prudence behind; except that the older unions will not risk their funds in wild schemes of social reconstruction, in imitation of past attempts and miserable failures. In social life we shall probably hear much of Individualism and Socialism from the lips of those who have never ascertained the meaning and signification of those terms. And generally we shall be plunged into a whirlpool of turmoil, until the workmen of England have awakened from the fascinating dream that the State can do everything for the individual, and do it better than he can for himself. But it will pass away, like many another dream. Self-reliance and self-restraint are characteristics of our race; these qualities, supported and sustained by associative effort, will triumph in the future as they have in the past, to the discomfiture of social innovators who know not whither they are tending, or wending their way.

GEORGE HOWELL.

STREET IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON.

I.

IF up to the present there has been little in the government of London to excite admiration, there has been little to condemn except want of public spirit and energy. Even in this respect London, from its very vastness, is not comparable with other cities. Up to 1855 it was but a "geographical expression," without common government for any purpose save sewerage, and as to that only for a short period. Outside the City proper it was a patchwork of paving trusts, each managing a particular building estate, and anomalous bodies of varying constitutions, Vestries open, select, and united. From 1855 to 1889 there was no direct representation of the citizens on the central authority, and no direct responsibility for work done or schemes sanctioned. Under such conditions the wonder is not that a few cases of jobbery occurred, but that the government of London has not been a seething mass of corruption. Certainly the happy chance has not been due to any vigilant attention on the part of the ratepayers to the events of their local life, for it is only now, if now, that the unity of the Metropolis is a fact felt or recognised by the people of Greater London. No doubt the traditions and example of public life in this country extended to local government are all in favour of honest administration; and even where, as in London, the plant of municipal growth has flourished least and slowest, they have been of great value in arresting any tendency to "boodle" on a large scale. Cynics, too, might say that the absence of organised and general corruption in London government has been due more to the absence of opportunity than anything else. Perhaps the London ratepayer, who is by nature a suspicious animal, has always had this in mind,

and has, therefore, set himself against large schemes for the improvement of the Metropolis. Burke's warnings against symmetry and regularity in constitutional arrangements have been applied by him to our local government, and he has become resigned, though grumbling, to narrow and inconvenient thoroughfares, to obstructive gates and bars, and to the other ills which the Londoners of to-day inherit from short-sighted and selfish forefathers. Greater London has been built, and the new County, carved by Mr. Ritchie out of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, has been created "in a fit of absence of mind." No great city has been "improved" so little, and in the little that has been done there has been neither system nor regularity of place or time. An occasional inspiration, proceeding in most cases from an importunate Vestryman, has prompted the authorities to clear away some few slums, and to pierce here and there the mass of small streets and mean buildings in order to relieve a congested route of part of its through traffic. Improvements, however, have been few and far between, and it is in improvement schemes that the "boss" of city politics in the United States has found his happy hunting-ground. Our comparative immunity from the larger species of local jobber and his works may be due to the limitation of street improvements to the absolute necessities of traffic without regard to anything like æsthetic arguments. Under the old order of things, as Lord Herschell's Commission proved, the check of public opinion upon the governing body, and of the members of it upon their officials, was of the flimsiest kind. The Board in reality, though not in form, was irresponsible, and, looking to its constitution and composition, it is as well that there was no attempt to deal with London, or with any quarter of London, after the manner of the late Baron Haussmann.

The question that the citizens of London will have to consider is not whether we are to have any great comprehensive scheme of improvement, such as those carried out in Paris during the Second Empire, or, on a smaller scale, in Birmingham by Mr. Chamberlain, but whether we are to have any improvements at all. It is very unlikely that anything more will be done for the Metropolis at the national expense; for the disposition of Parliament—as shown by the transfer of all the Royal parks but three from the Office of Works

to the Metropolitan Board in 1887—is to make London bear not only its own burdens but also the defects of its advantages in being the seat of the Imperial Government and the capital of the Empire. Every appeal for favourable consideration is met with a provincial negative. London owes very little to the country for past kindness. Regent Street, of course, was the work of the Crown, sanctioned by Parliament, but Woods and Forests must have benefited to a large extent from the opening up of the Crown lands by the splendid thoroughfare connecting the N.W. district with the Strand. It was a scheme of enlightened self-interest carried out by the owners of a fine urban property. Hyde Park Corner is the other case in point; but for the clearance of the Place facing the Park gate the Duke of Westminster more than anybody deserves the thanks of London for sacrificing the immediate interest he had in the increase of rent on leasehold property at the top of his Ebury estate for the sake of giving dignity and beauty to one of the most notable of our open spaces. As a rule the ground landlords who divide between them so large a part of London have done nothing in that way, and have only surrendered their land for street improvements, at the bidding of Parliament, for a sum of money assessed under the Land Clauses Consolidation Act, which the Institute of Surveyors' toasts at its annual dinner with the sentiment "may it never be amended."

What else has been done, and how has it been done? Returns have been issued by the London County Council showing in detail the amounts expended by the Metropolitan Board of Works on improvements, either by special Acts of Parliament or under the general power of dealing with unsanitary areas conferred upon them in 1875 and 1882. It is true that a large sum was spent from first to last for these purposes, mostly borrowed for short terms on the security of the rates; but it is spread over a great number of years, and was mainly devoted to small, if not petty, projects for widening and rounding off streets built in a style sufficiently tortuous to do honour to an Eastern city. It may be well by the light of these figures to look at the probabilities of the future government of London.

In the thirty-three years of its existence the Board undertook and carried through seven schemes which resulted in giving London

several great thoroughfares of traffic leading from one quarter to another. So far as it went their enterprise was of immense benefit to the Metropolis. The roads and avenues which have pierced through some of the squalid alleys and by-ways of our "province of houses" have done much to increase the comfort and convenience of life to men of every calling. Indeed, for those who have to go much about the town, it is not difficult to estimate the gain to Londoners of the Thames Embankment, Queen Victoria Street, Charing Cross Road, Northumberland Avenue, Shaftesbury Avenue, and Holborn Viaduct, the last of which, of course, we owe to the City Corporation. It is difficult for some of us to realise the conditions of traffic before these main roads and their approaches were made. Look at the map of London, however, and you will see how small is the area to which almost all these improvements are confined. Does anybody contend that there is not an equal need, if you rate civic happiness as high as commercial convenience of similar treatment being meted to the other parts of the Metropolis—the East, the South, and the North?

The return referred to shows sixty-two improvements carried out in whole or in part by the Board; and of these twenty were under Cross's Act, partaking of the nature of clearance rather than of construction. The net expenditure and liability varied in each case, from £1,076,287 for Queen Victoria Street to £4,574 for Clarence Road, Kentish Town, and £2,465 for Little York Street, Bethnal Green. These were all cases under special improvement Acts or included in Omnibus Bills. Under the Artisans' Dwellings law schemes range in cost from £314,027 for Whitecross Street, St. Luke's, to £213 for Great Peter Street, Westminster. In no case, it should be noted, did the Metropolitan Board do more than clear the sites, preferring to lease or sell the land rather than to build for themselves. Of the different parishes and districts which make up the County of London, the City has had most of the common fund spent within its boundaries, and Battersea least, for the latter has had nothing at all set to its account, although its Vestry contributed in the time £237,471 to the Consolidated Rate. St. Giles' heads the list of districts for the number of schemes in the benefit of which it has shared, and at the bottom are bracketed Wandsworth,

Plumstead, Lewisham, Fulham, and Battersea, none of which has had any public improvements charged to the general rates of the Metropolis. Every district, however, but Battersea has made some special contribution to, and has, presumably, benefited by, some scheme in its neighbourhood. If you turn to the totals you find that the net cost to the Board of its artisans' dwellings schemes was £1,483,175, and of its street improvements, £7,433,946. In addition to the foregoing items in the account, the Thames Embankments involved an expenditure of £2,441,097, so that the net cost of all these improvements brings up the sum total to £13,000,074. These figures only show what was done by the central body up to 1889, but outside its sphere of action there was a certain amount of money spent by Vestries and District Boards in street improvements of a purely local character, and a vast sum, raised on the security of the Coal and Wine Dues, was laid out by the City on the Holborn Valley and Viaduct.

The Coal and Wine Dues lapsed last year, so far as their levy was authorised by successive Acts of Parliament, and in the City they were only continued until this summer, in compensation for the loss, under the Coal Dues Act, 1889, of alleged right to tax by the charter of James I. The 4d., which of late years was all the City took, enabled the Corporation to do a great deal "off its own bat" that would otherwise have fallen on the Metropolis, and however much we may be opposed to the extinct Dues on economical grounds, it cannot be denied that what Lord Rosebery called our hidden Pactolus of municipal revenue in the remaining 9d. furnished the weapon of war which gave the Board the courage, in the decade beginning in 1870, to initiate its largest undertakings. Let the dead past bury its dead. The Coal and Wine Dues can never be revived, and what we have to face is the uncomfortable fact that there is no refuge and no resource but the demand note for the County rate. Turn it over as you will, there is no escape from the necessity of burdening the ratepayer with the amount of interest and sinking fund to be paid on each loan contracted to effect a Metropolitan improvement. There is no loop-hole in financial improvidence, for we are bound by statute to discharge our debts within a term of sixty years at the outside, even though

by local Acts other towns have been allowed to spread the repayment of loans over periods reaching to one hundred years. Cockney posterity has been carefully safeguarded by the wisdom of the Legislature. The difficulty is increased tenfold because in London the ratepayer as a rule has not more than a fugitive and transitory interest in his holding. It has been calculated on an average that 65 per cent. of the leases of houses cover the whole term fixed for the repayment of the public debt of London. Practically it has been contracted since 1855, and the whole of what is now outstanding will have been repaid by 1943. It follows that the unexhausted value of these permanent improvements will be handed over to the landowners, free of charge, at the end of the term of years. Happy indeed will be the heirs of the ground landlords of the day! All this, however, increases the perplexity of the problem which the County Council will have to solve. The incidence, or at least the apparent incidence, of the rates is upon the occupier and lessee, their interests sometimes combined in one person, more often split up among many. There is no doubt that on the present basis we have reached the maximum limit of local taxation, or come as near it as is wise or feasible. If this be so, is the betterment of London to be brought to a standstill for want of the necessary means to go on with it? Some people may think that it is possible to recoup ourselves for such outlay by legalised speculation in the lands affected by any public enterprise that we may approve. The answer to this contention is given by the experience of the Metropolitan Board. "We have found in practical experience," said Mr. Harrison, for the London County Council, to the Select Committee on the Strand Bill, "that recoupment is really no recoupment at all. In fact the more you do (the more you buy) the more you lose." I am not my self prepared to go quite so far as this in laying down any general rule, but the figures handed in to show the value of the land obtained by this process prove that, except in one case of an exceptional nature, the profit is very small in comparison with the unsavoury possibilities of "palm-greasing" which you cannot get rid of when you make a public body speculate in a marketable commodity of uncertain value. The only improvement which has shown a substantial return to the ratepayers by way of

recoupment is Northumberland Avenue, and in that case an open space was taken in which there was but one interest to buy up. In this solitary instance the surplus was £119,819. You cannot argue from an exception of this kind, and it has been proved to demonstration that the method of recoupment, which was looked upon as a salutary and necessary reform when it was first introduced, cannot in London, where trade and business interests are often so valuable, be worked with much advantage to the community. The House of Lords, in years gone by, resisted recoupment because of the injury it might inflict upon the owner of the lands to be taken. A more valid objection is that whilst the beneficial results are trifling, constant and easy opportunities are given to members and officers of a local body to anticipate a rise in the value of property compulsorily acquired, or to purchase at a price fixed by corrupt agreement. Both these results were proved to have followed in its wake before the Commission that inquired into the charges against the Metropolitan Board, and in fact the system of recoupment made possible the frauds that were committed and connived at. There was nothing in this to excuse or even palliate the misconduct of the officials and members implicated, and probably the light of public opinion that beats upon the County Council is in itself sufficient protection against a renewal of these practices; but a system that gives a minimum of profit and a maximum of temptation to dishonesty is difficult to defend. It was adopted as a make-shift, and some better way should be found, or at least it should only be applied when, as in the case of Northumberland Avenue, the circumstances are favourable, and the risk is small.

Are we then to find relief in the special assessment of property specially benefited by public improvements, commonly called "betterment"? No subject of local government has excited more controversy than the proposal of the London County Council to embody what Mr. Pope, Q.C., called "the principle of contribution towards the cost of improvements proportioned to the benefits received" in the Strand Bill as a step towards its general application to all their schemes. The importance and novelty of the experiment were much exaggerated. The principle is as old as the Sewers Act of Henry

VI. It is applied, in almost the same form as that proposed by the County Council, to the town of Gibraltar by an Order in Council of 1883, which enacts in the case of a now public highway that "such part of the capital as the Commissioners shall order, being in no case more than one-half of and of the interest thereon, . . . shall be charged upon the premises the owners and occupiers of which will be benefited." Recoupment is only another form of "betterment," because it is an attempt otherwise to intercept for the benefit of the community some of the increment of value due to the expenditure of public money in a particular locality. In its application to American cities it is true that a difference arises from the fact that property is assessed for taxation, not, as here, at its annual value, subject to certain deductions, but on its supposed capital value. The principle, however, is the same. Dillon, in his standard work on Municipal Corporations in the United States, puts it thus: "Special benefits to the property assessed—that is, benefits received by it in addition to those received by the community at large—is the true and only solid foundation upon which local assessments can rest; and to the extent of special benefits it is everywhere admitted that the Legislature may authorise local taxes or assessments to be made." The last words have reference to the limitations of legislative power in America unknown to the omnipotence of Parliament. The essential justice and expediency of "betterment" as a maxim of taxation has been admitted just as fully here as there. It is only a question of machinery for its application. The "betterment" clauses of the Strand Bill were thrown out by the hybrid Committee of the House of Commons because the plan and method proposed were clumsy and faulty. If put into a practical shape I feel certain they will be accepted and the Standing Orders of the House amended for the purpose, so general was the feeling in the Committee that the principle was fair and equitable, but its embodiment unsatisfactory. What I doubt, however, is whether "betterment," when you have it, will be of much use in getting over the deadlock of ways and means in London. Roughly speaking, "betterment," or special assessment for special benefit, under somewhat different conditions, is put in force wherever a district makes a contribution beyond its normal share to the expenditure on a

particular improvement. Six small schemes for different parts of London were approved at the last meeting of the County Council before its vacation, and in all of them a proviso of this kind was inserted. By Section 189 (now repealed) of the Metropolis Local Management Act, Vestries or District Boards had the power of specially assessing a particular part of their parish or district for special benefit. The only thing is that when you have to take parishes or districts as the geographical units of taxation a certain injustice is nearly always done to the inhabitants; for in London they are sometimes cut up, like the parish of Chelsea or the Strand District, into several distinct parts, or spread, like Kensington or Paddington, over a great quarter in the most grotesque and irregular figures. Ratepayers living at one end of the district do not, in many cases, receive one-tenth of the benefit enjoyed by the residents living on the confines of an adjoining parish. Besides this, their contributions have often been fixed in the most arbitrary and haphazard way, and, as was lately attempted by St. George's, Hanover Square, the burden has often been evaded by sheer meanness on the part of the local authority. "Betterment" in several forms has been abundantly tested, but even if the County Council get the power from Parliament to apply it by the fairest and most sensible method, *i.e.*, to the property actually improved in value, little relief will be given to the general rates. In most of the improvements that have been carried out in London, with the notable exception of the Thames Embankment, there has been little but what is termed "frontage betterment," that is to say, improved value of property on the line of the route followed. It would certainly be so in the case of the Strand improvement, if the plan were merely to widen the thoroughfares by removing the triangular block formed by the face and back of one side of Holywell Street, as was proposed this year. From this "frontage betterment" the return in the form of an increase of rates, or an addition to the general amount on each holding by a special rent-charge, would be insignificant as compared with the whole cost. It would not open up any new sources of municipal revenue, it would simply place an additional burden for additional amenities upon a small number of ratepayers in a particular district.

If London is to be further improved on anything like an adequate scale reforms much larger than this are absolutely needed. To meet the difficulty there must be the readjustment of local taxation demanded by Mr. Goschen twenty years ago in the division of rates between owner and occupier. The proposals of the Select Committee over which he presided have often been quoted and have even formed the subject of a resolution passed by the House of Commons in 1886, but nothing practical or effective has ever come of them. In the centres of trade and population, in the Metropolis above all, the case is far stronger now than it was when the Metropolitan Board brought forward its abortive Bills and Mr. Goschen made his report in favour of dividing local charges between the various interests concerned. The time has come when it is essential that action should be taken on those lines to prevent an administrative deadlock in London. Mr. Goschen has shown the way to another change in the incidence of taxation by his allocation of part of the Succession Duty to local purposes. A municipal Death Duty, with a reapportionment of local charges, seems the best way of providing with the least inconvenience the funds necessary to continue the work of permanently improving the Metropolis, of increasing its convenience, its beauty, and its well-being. Why should not we in both proposals take Mr. Goschen as our prophet and ask him to help us according to his words? But "salvation cometh not out of dialectic," and the last thing I wish is to "score off" the Chancellor of the Exchequer by bringing out the "musty volumes" of twenty years ago from the Parliamentary library. We want his help to solve a most knotty problem in the administration of the Metropolis. The burden of rates is as heavy as the occupiers of London will consent or are able to bear. Where are we to turn for the means to enable us to combat the great evils of congestion and uncleanness, to pierce the gloom and sweep away the squalor of the slums, and to open up broad, fine, and easy thoroughfares for the "tide of human existence" that has increased, is increasing, and will increase until it flows in all its fulness from Willesden to Croydon, from Beckenham to Brentford?

H. L. W. LAWSON.

II.

THE necessity for some central authority to which matters affecting the appearance of London could be referred is becoming more obvious year by year.

My readers may say, Have we not a County Council, whose special business it is to look into everything which pertains to the well-being of our city? Will *it* not see to the adornment and prevent the disfigurement of London? I should be well satisfied if I felt that such functions were considered by members of that body as coming altogether within their province. But the County Council, for the present at any rate, has other work to do; nor does it appear certain that, had it sufficient leisure, such a body would be best fitted for the sort of work which I am about to suggest should be delegated to a Council of Taste. As in great measure a representative body, they might, very properly, be inclined to favour the utilitarian interests or views of their constituents whenever these clashed with what might conduce to the improvement of the Metropolis in mere matters of appearance.

This latter end of the nineteenth century has been marked by the creation of many works of great size and of daring construction. The tendency of most modern structures is to be more gigantic and less retiring than those of the past. Our bridges, our shops, railway stations, and places of business all seem growing larger every day, and in growing larger they become more obtrusive and rarely more beautiful. Sometimes their daring construction commands our admiration to such an extent that we allow them to be a sort of law unto themselves, as, for instance, the Forth Bridge, which no unprejudiced person can help, I think, at any rate admiring, though he may admit that it violates all his established canons of beauty. The colossal bridge is fortunately placed where there is nothing of much moment to be belittled by it, as the neighbouring houses of Queensferry, pigmy by comparison, do not count for much; but imagine the monster spanning with one of its arches

the Thames at Blackfriars, and where would be the present predominating grandeur of St. Paul's? We need not, however, conjure up architectural terrors at present non-existent in London to illustrate the importance of the theme to which I am endeavouring to call attention. We have only to look at the dull, unlovely monotony of Charing Cross Station roof as seen from Westminster Bridge, and the still more objectionable so-called bridge which unites it to the Surrey shore, to see the disfigurement to which our grandest views have been subjected for want of proper control in the past. The railway bridge is not only ugly in its principal lines, but is rendered more unattractive by certain puny and somewhat futile attempts at ornamentation. But our exasperation at it and our annoyance at the position it occupies are intensified by the fact that it shuts out from view Waterloo Bridge, as if jealous of its sister's loveliness. At least such is apt to be one's complaint in walking Citywards along our delightful Embankment. Yet there is one redeeming feature even in Charing Cross Bridge to be found in its footwalk, where an extremely attractive river view is to be obtained, embracing *inter alia* St. Paul's, Somerset House, Waterloo Bridge, and almost always hay barges for a foreground. Such was the view once seen from Westminster Bridge, which could lead even the poet of Rydal Mount to exclaim: "Earth hath not anything to show more fair." The narrowness of this footwalk, however, and the teeming multitude on its bustling way to and from Waterloo Station, give one a poor chance for its quiet enjoyment. Now, had the beauties of London been held by our legislators at their true value, I do not believe that the South Eastern Railway termini would now have been at Charing Cross and Cannon Street. Might they not have been kept on the Surrey side, with fine façades fronting the river, thus giving dignity and beauty to that shore in place of its present squalor, with stone bridges as beautiful as London Bridge or Waterloo to lead directly up to them from the Strand and Cannon Street? The attractions of our noble river would thus have been increased instead of in great measure destroyed. The shareholders might have had a diminished outlay to meet and consequently larger dividends to receive, and the travelling public, even those who care neither for beauty nor for the proper remuneration of railway

enterprise, would have been largely the gainers in not having to cross the river three times as at present on their way home or abroad. We might also presume that had those who are responsible for the railway bridge at the foot of Ludgate Hill been properly looked after by a competent tribunal they might have erected something less detrimental to that unique prospect, the finest view of our finest building, the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren.

If the way in which our best pictures are thus effaced by Act of Parliament is irritating, what must be said of the ruthless destruction of buildings venerable from their age, and beautiful in themselves and by their position? Some time ago I overheard a conversation between two fellow travellers in an hotel in the North. One informed the other that he had not been in London lately, but hoped that before he next visited the Metropolis the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand would have been removed. It really seemed as though for this gentleman the enjoyment of London could not be complete without the removal of one of its architectural gems.

In the same way the desire for destruction, though from different motives, is constantly inducing certain people to express the hope that it will not be long before St. Margaret's, Westminster, is cleared away, so that we may get at last fine uninterrupted views of the Abbey and of the Palace of Westminster. It appears, therefore, that it requires some little special training or artistic perception to enable people to understand that it is not always desirable to get an unbroken view of even the most fascinating object. The sea itself, to some of us, looks more alluring when it is studded with islands than when it is only companioned by the sky, as in a masterpiece of Henry Moore's. Mountains seen through vine-clad pergolas have an attraction which they would lose without such breaks in the foreground. This desire for the removal of things comparatively small, though excellent in themselves, to obtain an uninterrupted view of greater things, is a vulgar desire to be indulged in with extreme caution, and should be considered by a competent tribunal before being realised. I was once horrified by the suggestion of a Manchester friend that the beautifully-canopied statue of the Prince Consort in Albert Square should be

removed to "show up," as he termed it, its upstart neighbour the new Town Hall, for which I was responsible—the fact being that the monument does wonderful service to its neighbour, not in any way by acting as a foil, but by its graceful company, by imparting some of its monumental atmosphere to the more utilitarian building behind it.

I have cited the foregoing instances to show that popular opinion, however just it may sometimes be in its judgment of accomplished works, is by no means to be implicitly relied upon in considering fresh projects, or even changes, and the necessity, therefore, in such cases for a tribunal of experts.

In laying out new streets I would put in a plea for the public exhibition of the plans for the purpose of eliciting useful criticism (the method now in vogue in Rome), as well as a claim that the artist architect should be heard in evidence as well as the surveyor. The latter may do his work admirably so far as the creation of a new thoroughfare goes; but he may not be sufficiently on the alert to open up existing architectural beauties to view, or so to plan his street that it may terminate, or appear to terminate, in some building worthy of such a position. Indeed, most of our new streets are somewhat awkward continuations of older ones, and appear to lead up to nothing in particular; and if they now and again permit a good site for an important edifice, there is no power, or even any evidence of a wish, to reserve it for such; and as a rule our best buildings occupy unworthy sites. I must, however, record with pleasure a late instance to the contrary, in Mr. D'Oyley Carte's new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, which adorns an appropriate site, and will always be a source of pleasure to those passing it southwards. But though we may congratulate ourselves on a well-designed building for once being accommodated with a fairly good site, let us not therefore suppose that we may rely on many similar happy experiences in the future. It is all a matter of chance. The surveyor to the governing body of our cities, whatever it may be, lays out our new streets. In London the County Council is fortunately advised by an able architect; but he is obliged, apparently, to think more of the street as a mere thoroughfare for relieving congested traffic than as a

thing of beauty in itself, not only to be lined with fair buildings but terminating in some object of unquestionable beauty and importance, a delight to the eyes of those who approach it. Such seems, unfortunately, to have been the case at any rate under the late Metropolitan Board of Works. After the street is finished the building sites which line it are sold to those who may have a very good notion of where they would like to be, but who probably never give a thought to the effect of their building when erected; who do not know that a south aspect is preferable for architectural effect if the details and not the mere silhouette of their building are to be fully appreciated, and who only call the architect in to make the best of the site when it is already bought.

Now, in Paris and other Continental cities, things are managed differently, and a successful attempt is generally made either to drive the new street towards some fine dome, tower, or portico, or to leave a site at the end of the new vista for some building of a monumental and attractive character; or, lastly, if an awkward *débouchement* is unavoidable, at any rate to soften down its unpleasantness by planting trees.

Beside the absorbing question of the direction of our new streets on which so much money has been spent and will continue to be spent, and which might, one thinks, be made to conduce as much to our pleasure as to our convenience, there is another towards which public attention must soon be seriously turned: the height of our new buildings. As land in certain localities gets dearer, and as elevators come more into general use, the tendency is, of course, for buildings to get higher and higher, the upper storeys being as useful for business purposes and far more attractive than those near the ground. They seem to have fully appreciated this fact in America, for there are cities in the New World with blocks of offices 200ft. high. But sites could hardly be found in London for such monsters without doing serious injury to the buildings already existing in the neighbourhood; first, by diminishing their light (for this we have a legal, though somewhat uncertain remedy); secondly, by making their chimneys misconduct themselves; and thirdly, by ruining their appearance. It is this last consideration which most nearly concerns my present subject.

There are buildings at present existing in all parts of London, of great interest and beauty, on which large sums have been spent, which have been the creation of artists who have long since passed away. We are proud of them, or ought to be, and should be exceedingly jealous of what might injure them. It may be that the change, or new buildings proposed, would be of such public importance as to justify the threatened injury; but one would be glad to have the assurance of it from the most competent tribunal that can be formed for such a purpose. Most people have admired Kent's Horse Guards, as seen from the park especially. A modest structure, but well-proportioned and singularly attractive. What would, however, have become of this little gem had the new War Offices towered to the skies by its side? That danger is now, to a certain extent, I suppose, removed, and we hope that the Horse Guards' buildings will hold their own for some time longer.

With regard to the question of light, the injured public have, as I said before, a remedy, though a costly and uncertain one. A court of law is hardly the place for the settlement of questions of such intricacy, in which it is generally impossible to arrive at the facts of the case; for do not one set of experts represent the dominant building as ruining its neighbour, and the other as improving it? Models showing the state of affairs before the erection of the building complained of, and of the changes wrought, or to be wrought, by its erection, often do not show the real injury, particularly when examined in a room and not in the open air. There are also innumerable technicalities (not to be particularised here) which should be left to the investigation of a body of impartial experts, who could visit the site as well as understand the drawings, and so dispense with the confusion introduced into the case by the contradictions of professional testimony. To such a body the design of the proposed structure might be submitted before its commencement, and to it could be left the question of whether there would be obstruction of light or not; and if in its opinion there would be, the same body would assess the money value of such obstruction which the builders of the new structure would have to pay, or amend their project before commencement. Such a jurisdiction would save immense heart-burning, trouble, and expense,

which now it is difficult if not impossible to avoid ; for the architect, knowing the value of his client's land, does not like to propose the erection of a building which does not give his employer all that he is entitled to in the way of height: and it often entirely depends upon the personal character of the adjoining owner whether he is to be allowed to complete his design without litigation and mutilation or not.

In a Bill lately laid before Parliament the County Council proposed to restrict the height of all new buildings to a maximum of 90ft. to the parapet. Such a regulation might keep down buildings which would otherwise be undesirably lofty, were there not such things as gables, which, in the type of Renaissance now prevalent, may run up to almost any height above the parapet. Permission to add such details above the prescribed 90ft., the County Council proposed to keep in its own discretion. But would it not be wiser to place matters so technical under the control of a body more specially fitted to deal with them? The result of the legislation of its predecessor, the Metropolitan Board, in such matters was not always so encouraging as to lead us to expect any great improvement in the action of the County Council in æsthetical matters without such aid. We have only to consider the Hankey Mansions overlooking St. James's Park, and the treatment of the so-called Piccadilly Circus, to see what we may have to suffer at the hands of those who are not *au fait* in such matters.

Another urgent abuse to which the attention of such a council as I have ventured to advocate might with great advantage be directed is the enormous growth of obtrusive advertising. To placard hoardings may be proper enough, though one could often wish those who design such flaming posters had better taste, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had the courage to tax such appeals, made not always for the benefit of the more modest and honest among us. But why should it be permitted to the self-assertive to mutilate beautiful buildings with their unbeautiful names, and, still worse, by means of captive balloons or other devices, to write their importunities upon the very sky? It seems to me that the time has now come when those who are aggrieved by such nuisances and infringements of good taste should be able to bring

their complaints to some authority competent to consider and deal with these vulgarities.

It is impossible not to be grateful to the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association for the good work it has done in planting spaces which would otherwise be bare and unlovely. They should hardly rest content, however, with planting forest trees in tubs in front of the Royal Exchange, or with little evergreen bushes in cork in Piccadilly Circus. What is wanted there and in other ill-favoured spots, to hide architectural incongruities made by the opening out of new streets, is the planting of the only tree which does thoroughly well in London, the plane tree, and allowing it all the soil below the pavement which can possibly be spared it. Nothing by contrast is a more admirable companion to architecture than the plane, and it does seem to be a great pity that the County Council cannot avail itself of the most competent authority to suggest the places where the plane tree can still be put without interference with vested interests either above ground or below, and so, at the slightest possible cost, add enormously to the attraction of London ; which, in spite of all its defects, is becoming yearly more attractive, and a pleasanter place of resort. Nothing affecting the appearance of our streets ought to be too trivial for the attention of the proposed council ; for very frequently small things, from their want of harmony of colour or incongruity of form, annoy as much as large. The brilliancy with which letter-boxes and cabmen's shelters are painted is a mistake in our cloudy atmosphere and among dingy buildings, by making their surroundings more dingy by contrast. We cannot here bear the colours which in Italian sunshine could afford us nothing but pleasure. The way in which our gas lamps have grown big-headed under the electric light scare is enough to make even shareholders in gasworks, who have any sense of proportion or of beauty in form, wish for the abolition of an illuminator which thinks it necessary to clothe itself in so hideous a guise. But is it necessary? The Avenue de l'Opéra, in Paris, is one of the best lighted streets in the world, and its gas lamps are a pleasure to behold, by day as well as by night. At home, however, there is hardly a statue of any interest which is not rendered ridiculous by the immediate neighbourhood

of some top-heavy monsters, their huge lanterns balanced on sticks of absurdly slender dimensions, both as to height and thickness. The design of these monstrosities has clearly been left to the gasfitter, and is a disgrace to our boasted civilisation. I have descended to trifling matters, but even for these as well as for the more important I have endeavoured to indicate the advantage which would result in our having a general council for buildings, which council I would not have elected by popular vote, but nominated by Government, so as to be composed only of those most suited for the task. Let it not be said that this is an Utopian scheme. Such a council has been in existence in Paris for upwards of two centuries, and has done its work effectively, and at little cost to the public, which has thus had the advantage of the very best advice on matters of public taste from men whose fitness for the task, ability, character, and impartiality are unimpeachable, and who consider this office the highest distinction and honour. Such a tribunal might report its recommendations to H. M. Board of Works, or to the County Council, and if its representations were received with the attention which they would assuredly deserve they would save us from much of the annoyance and humiliation which, as people of taste, we are now subjected to, and would conduce greatly by well-timed advice to the beauty and attraction of the Metropolis.

ALFRED WATERHOUSE.

SOCIALISM AND ECONOMICS.

A REVIEW.

FOR some years past the discussion of the most difficult problems of political economy has been taken down from the study and the class-room to the workshop and the street. Unfortunately, between the political economy of the people, as formulated by some of the greatest thinkers and most learned men of modern times, and the political economy of the Universities, the counting-house, and the bank parlour, as formulated by professors and men of business, there has been a direct antagonism. But we are now in a period of transition, in this respect as in others, and no better evidence of this could be forthcoming than Professor Alfred Marshall's recently published work, entitled *Principles of Economics.** Professor Marshall does not, of course, accept the Socialist theories of economics—that would be too much to expect; but he makes many and important admissions, and puts a series of suggestive questions in regard to our present society and industrial system.

To take the much debated population question first. What is the argument most commonly used against Socialists? The argument is that population, in Great Britain in particular, is increasing so rapidly that it is overtaking the means of subsistence, and that, therefore, we need look no further for the explanation of poverty than the rapid multiplication of the people. Lord Derby, Mr. Goschen, Lord Meath, the *Times* newspaper, and even some well-meaning philanthropists have quite recently upheld this fallacy. It was useless to point out in reply that the gross and net income of the country were alike increasing in a ratio far in excess of any increase of population ever recorded; that in France, with a

* *Principles of Economics.* By Alfred Marshall. Macmillan and Co.

stationary population and vastly enhanced wealth, the poverty of the workers is as deplorable as it is here. Still, the old story was repeated again and again. Will our opponents give heed to Professor Marshall? We doubt it; but here is what he says: "The accumulated wealth of civilised countries is at present growing faster than the population; and though it may be true that the wealth per head would increase somewhat faster if the population did not increase quite so fast, yet as a matter of fact an increase of population is likely to be accompanied by a more than proportionate increase of the material aids to production; and in a country such as England is now, with easy access to abundant foreign supplies of raw material, an increase of population is accompanied by a more than proportionate increase of the means of satisfying human wants" (p. 380). On another page (279) he bases an important deduction, in regard to the rate of interest, on the statement "in consequence, however, of the great growth of wealth relatively to population." After that we may safely leave the Malthusians and their friends to fight out their favourite fallacy with Professor Marshall.

Then comes the famous Wages Fund theory. Of course, as all students know, the bottom was knocked out of that theory in Germany and France more than forty years ago, and a generation has passed since Longe and Thornton did the like for it in this country. True is it also that John Stuart Mill himself, with his usual honesty and straightforwardness, expressly abandoned the theory. But it still survives in its most crude and absurd form, even among those who write on economical subjects. The theory is that there is a certain amount of capital annually devoted to the payment of wages in this country. If, therefore, other things remaining the same, one set of wage-earners obtain higher wages, another set of wage-earners must of necessity have their wages reduced by the same amount. Since, however, wages, like profits, rent, and interest, are paid out of the total revenue of the country, it needs little consideration to see that wages might rise in any trade, and therefore the Wage Fund so-called be greatly increased, if the profits of non-producers in that trade were curtailed. Railway servants, for instance, might by combination force up their wages at

the expense of the shareholders' dividends. In short, the theory is altogether unsound, and it is strange that it should ever have been even temporarily accepted. But the theory constantly shows signs of new life in newspaper articles and elsewhere. Now that Professor Marshall has devoted a note of phenomenal length, if not of pellucid clearness, to giving it its final quietus, will it die the death? Let us hope so.

In relation to labour, Professor Marshall, though he claims certain advantages as having been gained by the workers through the great machine industry which are scarcely apparent to those who have studied its development, admits the terrible drawbacks which Socialists never cease to denounce as characteristic of the present system of production. Thus at p. 595, Professor Marshall, following the Socialist arguments, and using even their distinctions and phraseology, speaks of labour-power (*arbeitskraft*) as "perishable" and remarks upon the economical disadvantage which the owner of such a commodity is at in disposing of it, seeing that he is under the necessity of constantly pressing it for sale regardless of the condition of the market. He points out further, as Marx before him had pointed out in a celebrated passage in the *Capital*, that though allowance is made for deterioration in machinery, buildings, &c., no allowance is made for the deterioration of the human beings employed: "But no corresponding reduction is made for the wear and tear of human agents of production; because the earnings of labour are commonly estimated *gross*, that is, without any allowance for the ageing and exhaustion of the worker" (p. 560).

Let us see what all this amounts to. The working class own only a perishable commodity in their labour-power, which they must in practice dispose of from day to day. In selling this, their sole commodity, they are unable to secure any allowance for wear and tear, or the deterioration of the main structure and machinery which enables this commodity to be reproduced—their own bodies to wit. Moreover, "it is certain that manual labourers, as a class, are at a disadvantage in bargaining [for the sale of their labour-power], and the disadvantage wherever it exists is likely to be cumulative in its effects [on the labourer] . . in two ways. It lowers his efficiency and lowers wages; and, as we have seen, this

lowers his efficiency as a worker and thereby lowers the normal value of his labour. And in addition it diminishes his efficiency as a bargainer, and thus increases the chance that he will sell his labour for less than its normal value" (p. 597). But, all the time that this is going on, the National Dividend, which "is at once the aggregate net product of, and the sole source of payment for, all the agents of production within the country" (p. 561)—this National Dividend is greatly increasing relatively to the increase of population. Surely in view of all this, Professor Marshall, however widely his Supply and Demand Theory of Value, his championship of interest, his Rent of Ability, Consumers' Rent, and the like may separate him from the Socialists, comes really much nearer to those who maintain that the existing system must be replaced by collectivism than to the school which still, in spite of all the facts around them, tries to prop up the decaying method of individual appropriation and exchange.

For, as Professor Marshall also urges, deterioration of physical strength and mental aptitude is cumulative in its effects on the next generation. Children born of poor parents grow up weak and bloodless themselves, and hand on still more enfeebled constitutions to their own progeny. This involves a most serious economical loss to the nation, to say nothing of the injury inflicted upon the individual human beings affected. Yet it is constantly going on. "In almost all countries there is a constant migration towards the towns. The large towns, and especially London, absorb the very best blood from all the rest of England; and the most enterprising, the most highly gifted, those with the highest physique and strongest characters, go there to find scope for their abilities. But by the time their children and children's children have grown up, without healthy play, and without fresh air, there is little trace left of their original vigour. This is seen even in trades that require but little muscular strength; only a very small proportion of those artisans to whom London owes its pre-eminence as a centre of highly skilled work comes from parents who were born there; and there are scarcely any whose grandparents were born there" (p. 253). Taking such statements as these, combined with the average age at death of the workers in our great cities. Professor Marshall's protest at the end of the volume (p. 730) against "pessimist descriptions" seems a little out of place.

There are some of us who, in view of the unprecedented increase in the power of man to produce wealth within the last century, cannot, as Professor Marshall recommends, "solace ourselves with the reflection that anyhow the evils of our own age are less than those of the past."

But it is much that a man in Professor Marshall's position should have gone so far as he has in proclaiming the truth. It is much to his credit that he should have formulated the series of questions set out at pp. 95-98, as, though they all point directly towards collectivism, they are not avowedly based on any scientific theory, either of sociology or of economics. The following questions, for example, are noticeable in an English treatise on political economy for general use, though both Mill and Jevons, as well as others, mingled social inquiries with their economics: "Taking it for granted that a more equal distribution of wealth is to be desired, how far would this justify changes in the institutions of property, or limitations of free enterprise, even when they would be likely to diminish the aggregate of wealth?" "What business affairs should be undertaken by society itself acting through its Government, Imperial or local?" "Is it necessary to retain in their full force all the existing rights of property; or have the original necessities for which they were meant to provide in some measure passed away?" Those questions, and many more, Professor Marshall obviously expects will be answered in a Socialist sense; and that this should be so is in itself a sign of the times.

But now let us turn to the economical basis of Professor Marshall's book, and to his analysis of that capitalist system of production, the evil effects of which in many directions he so carefully notes. Political economy is but a portion of the science of sociology, which is now rapidly approaching the positive stage; and it is all-important that if Socialists, who everywhere take the lead in championing the claims of the wage-earners, are basing their arguments on false premises this should be made clear to the world.

Strange to say, Mr. Marshall, influenced as he manifestly is by "the spirit of the age" towards collective as opposed to individual ownership, appropriation of products, and exchange, holds, nevertheless, theories which are in direct opposition to any such transforma-

tion ; nor does he appear to recognise that the general tendency in this direction is itself only the inevitable outcome of the economical evolution which is going on under his eyes. So far is he from accepting the modern view that individuals are necessarily the creatures of their begettings and surroundings ; so far is he from holding the opinion that events would have taken much the same course if those whom we call "great men" had never lived, that he expressly asserts in so many words, "the chief events in history are due to the action of individuals"! Economic freedom, also, in existing conditions, is to him much more than a mere phrase. He frequently writes as if both consumers and producers were free agents : the consumers being in a position to demand—such at least as are lucky enough to have the means to make an effective demand—and the producers being in a position to supply of their unfettered individual action. Yet in our present society the demands of consumers are prescribed for them by the social position they may happen to occupy ; and the producer is himself compelled to produce on a certain scale and in a certain manner, under pain of complete ruin, by the economic conditions prevailing around him. Supply forces the demand, indeed, in many cases. That the freedom of the wage-earner is completely illusory Professor Marshall would himself admit. Competition also is only free in the sense that in the open market the big capitals are free to gobble up the small, and that all who are engaged in production are endeavouring to obtain the best return possible for the goods which they throw into the whirl of exchange, establishing on the average by their higgling a normal relation of value.

It is on this point that the whole question of political economy turns. Our method of production is manifestly social, but the product is appropriated by individuals ; and exchange, a social function, is also carried on by individuals. What is the basis of value of commodities in such a system? Professor Marshall, following Lord Lauderdale, Jevons, and others, says demand and supply. In his present volume he confines his investigation to one form of value, namely, price. If there is a large supply of any commodity in a market in proportion to the demand for it the price will necessarily fall. If there is a small supply the price will rise. That, of

course, is a matter of common knowledge, and Mr. Marshall elaborately investigates the effect of such demand and supply upon commodities of different descriptions, as well as the fluctuations which may affect the price indicator, money, itself.

But he winds up by saying "neither the price at which a thing can be sold, nor the income which can be earned by using it in the production of other things, is directly affected by the cost of production." If Professor Marshall means by this that the price of a commodity in a special market may be temporarily raised above or temporarily depressed below its cost of production in social labour, nobody ever disputed this. If, however, he means that the cost of production, or the quantity of social labour embodied in commodities, does not on the average regulate their value in exchange with other commodities, then he comes into direct conflict with the bed-rock theory of Socialism, and is, in my judgment, entirely wrong.

Were we living in a Socialist society in which so many hours of labour were yearly devoted to producing the useful articles needed for the members of that society, we could tell precisely the value in labour to the community of so many yards or pounds of goods or of so many finished articles produced. We are not in that position, and value is only determined indirectly by way of exchange. What says Professor Marshall himself? At p. 9 he states: "If we know that a ton of lead will exchange for fifteen sovereigns at any place and time, while a ton of tin will exchange for ninety sovereigns, we say that their prices then and there are £15 and £90 respectively, and we know that the value of a ton of tin in terms of lead is six tons then and there." Manifestly, gold, however, is here used not merely as a means of exchange to facilitate the circulation of commodities, but as a standard of value. What has gold in common with tin and lead, when equality is thus proclaimed between certain weights of them, that each can thus be measured in terms of the other? Utility? Surely that is merely to juggle with words. That which is regulating their value relatively to one another is that quantity of social labour which on the average is incorporated in each of them, or which it will cost to reproduce them; and gold being now the universal standard of value represents such incorporated social labour from the time when it is extracted from the bowels of the

earth; subject to its own fluctuations, due to its increased or diminished cost of production as also measured in social labour.

This is the law regulating the exchange of commodities in our modern society, which makes itself felt—sometimes in a very terrible way—beneath all the fluctuations of supply and demand, and the competitive anarchy of our present capitalist system of production for profit. And this same law applies to labour-force or labour-power, which, unfortunately for its possessors, is also a commodity. A worker sells his labour-power to the capitalist for a day, a week, or a month, on credit, in return for wages paid in money at the end of the term. These wages represent on the average the value, or cost of production, of the materials which go to make up his standard of life. But the worker has sold to the capitalist a commodity whose peculiarity is that, during the period in which he uses it, it embodies more value in the commodities which it is expended in producing than the value of the wages which go to make up the standard of life of its proprietor, the worker himself. This extra labour-value thus embodied in the commodities by the labourers, over and above the value of their wages, is not paid for but constitutes the surplus value, or *mehrwerth*, out of which the non-producing classes and their hangers-on draw their incomes. Labour itself, however, has not, and cannot have, any value. The truth of the theory is disguised, and from Professor Marshall apparently altogether hidden, by the phenomena of price, and the form of money in which the wages are paid. Yet the anterior forms of chattel slavery and serfdom show clearly whence surplus produce came in ancient and mediæval times, and, with the key given above, anybody can trace for himself how it is that the capitalist, be he factory owner or farmer, while paying the market price for his raw materials, for his manure, for the repair of the machinery, and his oil, coal, &c., obtains, nevertheless, on the average, a greater value in exchange for his commodities than those commodities have actually cost him, though he exchanges them in relation to the quantity of social human labour embodied in them.

This theory, at any rate, with the elaborate series of analyses, which follow in the first and especially in the second (German) volume of Marx's *Capital*, and the distinct evidence of the conflict between the social form of production and the individual form of

appropriation and exchange, reflected in the bitter class war now being waged in every civilised country, constitute the groundwork of scientific Socialism all over the world, and meet with ever-increasing acceptance. Thus is shown how, the form of production being now social, there is no hope for the final emancipation of the workers until appropriation and exchange become social too; how, also, at this very moment, whether we like it or not, the capitalist system is decaying and the collectivist system, in which wage-slavery will necessarily disappear, is being made ready to take its place. Yet Professor Marshall, with all this before him, thinks he can dispose of Marx with a few cheap sneers.

It is impossible to deal adequately with a book of upwards of seven hundred pages within the compass of a short review article. But one matter with which Professor Marshall deals is of immediate practical importance. This is the limitation by law of the working day to eight hours. Professor Marshall gives it as his opinion (1) that such an enactment would not cause a permanent increase in the demand for labour; and (2) that it would involve a great loss to the nation. Social-Democrats admit, of course, that an eight hours law is merely a palliative, and that the workers, as a class, will gain nothing worth having permanently until the whole wages system is broken down; they are also well aware that the introduction of improved machinery and working in shifts, which will almost certainly be the result of an eight hours law, will increase the intensity of labour in many industries, and will tend to bring on industrial crises more rapidly than before. Nevertheless, there is every reason to believe that, as large numbers of men would have to be taken on by such employers as the railway companies, the Government, the tramway and bus companies, and the shops—none of whom could avoid continuing their business on its present scale—a rise of wages, which might possibly be permanent, would be established, at least in the unskilled labour market. As to the reduction of gross output and lessening of the national income, this might very well be desirable, even from the pecuniary point of view, if injury to the health and strength of the present and future generations were thereby checked. But the experience of the effect of the Factory Acts goes to show that long hours and low

wages tend to check the introduction of improved machinery; since the object of the capitalist is to save wages, not to economise labour, and he often finds it more profitable to work old machinery long hours at low wages than to invest in new. It seems, therefore, almost certain, in view of the great improvements which are even now held back by long hours and low wages, that the output would be increased rather than diminished by an eight hours law. It is, at any rate, quite impossible to argue as if the conditions of production will remain the same.

After what took place at Liverpool, also, it is no longer open to the opponents of an eight hours law to say that the majority of the working class is against it. Majorities assuredly do not change error into truth; but in view of the infinite misery and physical degeneration brought about by over-work—especially among women, who have little or no chance of making head against their employers—it rests now with Professor Marshall and those who think with him to show cause why a measure, which all physiologists and doctors who have studied the question maintain would be beneficial to the health of the community, must of necessity be postponed on account of the injury it would do to certain trades. That argument, by the way, was not allowed to interfere with free trade in corn, or with the destruction of the ribbon trade in Coventry, in order that the French Commercial Treaty might be carried. If even those who are opposed to an eight hours day (with, of course, its necessary complement of the enactment of a *minimum* wage) succeed in proving that competitive industry can only be carried on successfully at the cost of ruining the health of the workers, then the argument from the ethical side in favour of the immediate socialisation of the means and instruments of production and distribution becomes absolutely unassailable.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

THE DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP.

THE rising journalist, dreaming of the notoriety of the magazines, generally chooses an attack on the Examiner of Plays as an attractive and telling entrance to his signed career, and the dramatist who would prove that his head is full of notions not quite so woolly as those he puts into his plays is also addicted to periodic attacks on this office. These not too formidable sets of antagonists have said little worth a word from anyone ; but I find among them one dramatic critic whose opinions command respect, and it is, I confess, Mr. Archer's presence in the enemy's van that induces me to attempt the defence of that which I hope to show alone protects the drama from the blackmailer, the fool, the impropriety hunter, and the fanatic—from all sorts and sets of intrigues in which malice, envy, and revenge would be the chief incentives.

As it is not proposed to establish an absolutely free theatre, having authority to represent any play, no matter how libellous, treasonable, blasphemous, or obscene, it becomes at once clear that the abolition of the Dramatic Censorship means no more than the exchange of the opinion of an intelligent and unbiassed individual—one who, as I shall prove, represents public opinion more than fairly well—for that of twelve jurymen. It lies somewhat outside the intention of this article to discuss the qualifications of a dozen jurymen, mostly greengrocers, to decide delicate artistic questions ; it is, however, pertinent to my purpose to consider the morbid morality of those who would seize gladly on the opportunity, and undertake with zeal the task, of inquiring into the morals of places of public amusement. In England there exist—I know not where, but most assuredly there exist—folk who deem Mrs. Maybrick a martyr, and who would subscribe hundreds of pounds to get her

out of prison so that they might have the pleasure of entertaining her with tea and endearing words. These selfsame folk would subscribe hundreds of pounds just as willingly to put some wretched singer into prison because he had on a public stage indulged in some little unseemly joke; and these selfsame folk have, in the prosecution of their aims towards the purification of society, succeeded in obtaining the committal to prison of the publisher of Zola's novels, while they themselves were aiding and abetting the publication of obscene tracts—obscenity, forsooth, being deemed a legitimate weapon to use against Roman Catholics and Ritualistic opponents.

Not for a moment do I impugn the good faith of these strangely-minded people; they were, I have no doubt, and, for all I know, are still, acting to the best of their beliefs; but I do challenge all who are interested in the preservation of Art and Letters to the consideration of the question, and to decide if it would be wise to hand over an important branch of literature, a large industry in which hundreds of thousands gain their livelihood, to be made the pretty game of those whose brains accept the weird anomalies and fantastic contradictions which I have cited even as axioms of logic, even as concepts of pure reason. There is no folly, however flagrant and however detestable, that will not find adherents in England; England is honeycombed with faddists of every scent and hue; these succumb and disappear under the common-sense of the nation, but not before they have done great, and in some cases immedicable, mischief. For in England public opinion is notoriously hard to rouse; doubt and mistrust are the characteristics of the national mind. Hamlet is still the type and epitome of Englishmen. Doubt and mistrust engender hypocrisy, and hypocrisy is twin sister to the desire to appear better than we are. And to-day the desire to appear better than we are predominates. "The moral question" is therefore the weapon that is wielded with most effective results. The mistaken arrest of a flower-girl may cause the defeat of a Government; and the wise will make any sacrifice rather than be accused, justly or unjustly, of having spoken to a girl in an omnibus. Such charges are difficult to disprove, and even when disproved invariably leave the suspicion behind that in all probability they

were true. We hurry from anyone whose morality has been called into question; the first paragraph that appears in the newspapers is the signal for general flight. That this unhealthy disposition of the public mind will pass away there can be but little doubt; but while it lasts it seems to me not a little humorous to propose the abolition of the Dramatic Censorship. I say humorous, for it is impossible not to vision the consternation that the loosing of the impropriety hunters would cause among the theatrical managers. Imagine Augustus Harris summoned to discuss the length of his ballet-girls' skirts, first at Bow Street and afterwards at the Old Bailey; and think, too, of Mr. Wyndham having to argue out the propriety of his low comedian's jokes before a stolid jury of greengrocers, all burning to prove their moral sympathies to the world. Remember that our opinions of the morality of a book or play greatly depend upon whether any busybody has ever called the morality of that book or play into question; that a writ issued against a manager for allowing an immoral play to be performed would have the effect of emptying his theatre at least until the case was heard; that even if he won his case he would hardly be able to obtain damages from his aggressor. The moralist would plead that he had acted for the public benefit. It is, however, certain that no damages that any jury could give the manager would in any way compensate him for the evil that had been done to him. On being threatened with an action the manager would offer money, and if he were mistaken, and the aggressor was not a blackmailer, but a faddist, the manager would prejudice his case by his offer to bribe. The faddist who had just been elected to the County Council and was burning to distinguish himself would find the theatre an easy stepping-stone to fame.

Now all this is so very obvious and so very simple that I am constrained to apologise to my readers for having written it out. I will beg them to believe that I never should have done so if dramatists and critics were not in the habit of writing about the Censorship without considering the consequences of the changes they advocate. It may perhaps be argued—I say perhaps, but I hardly think that anyone having the slightest knowledge of the expenses and risks of theatrical enterprise would argue—that the verdict of a

jury not being final, as is that of the Censorship, a play that had been decided against in a court of justice would be put up by another manager and the case fought over again in the law courts. Surely Mr. Archer must see that the play that a jury had agreed was blasphemous, immoral, or libellous, would be buried infinitely deeper than the play merely forbidden by the Censorship; the Censorship might be induced to alter his opinion, or changes that would satisfy him might be made in the text; at any rate, the play could be printed and read. But a play that a jury had condemned could hardly be printed. If the Censorship were abolished and the possibility of a trial at the Old Bailey allowed to startle the managerial mind, the English drama would become suddenly as if palsied, and pass rapidly into intellectual atrophy.

Art, as its history shows, is not killed, though it is curtailed and perhaps degraded by the arbitrary imposition of limitations. Jane Austen made art out of drawing-room gossip, and Banville has written exquisite poetry in all the most artificial forms of verse. What is it that Wordsworth says about nuns in their cells, weavers at their looms, and bees within the depths of foxglove bells? And did he not sow in the sonnet's scanty plot of ground flowers immortally beautiful? But if art may flourish within the narrow ground of the sonnet, and exist in the crannies in which the triolet sprouts, it imperatively demands security as the first condition of its existence. The eclipse of art which endured from the fourth to the fourteenth century can surely be explained under no other supposition than that circumstances did not grant such security to the artist as is necessary for the production of works of art. If anything is plain, surely it is that security is as essential to the artist as water is to the fishes; and yet it would seem that there are folk, and presumably well-intentioned folk, who would deliberately introduce into artistic life the very element which the testimony of history and common-sense unite in condemning as being wholly destructive of it. The Dramatic Censorship gives us absolute security, and that is a boon for which I at least would make almost any sacrifice of liberty. To avoid the disgrace of seeing literature dragged into a police-court to be judged first by a magistrate, and then sent with a look of the felon on its face to be judged by a dozen

ignorant grocers in the Old Bailey, I would willingly establish a Censorship of literature ; and were that censor a man of letters—for instance, were he chosen from among the editors of the leading Reviews, I cannot for a moment entertain the thought that any case of flagrant injustice done would ever come before the public. We know very well what the Dramatic Censor will pass and what he won't pass, and no one dreams of writing plays that he won't pass. "Ah, that is the unfortunate side, that is the very reason why we protest against the Censorship. Instead of writing the plays they are really minded to write, our dramatic authors only write those that they know will be licensed by Mr. Piggott." But if Mr. Piggott represents public opinion, and I think that I shall be able to show that he represents public opinion very accurately indeed, surely it may be said that the duties of his office are ideally fulfilled. For why should anyone seek to represent plays in a public theatre that are in advance of public opinion? I confess I fail to see any reason either artistic or commercial. A book is different. With a book you court the judgment of an individual sitting at home in an easy chair, his legs stretched to the fire; so conditioned, the judgment of the average man is, of course, far worthier than the spontaneous verdict of a thousand people taken from all classes of society ; the verdict upon a book is thought out separately in the first instance, and that verdict is probably modified, at all events reconsidered, in the light of a friend's opinion on the book ; a book may therefore make its way, educating the public little by little. But a play either pleases or displeases ; the approval or disapproval of the house is expressed at once, and there is hardly any reconsideration of the verdict of the first-night audience. Of what advantage, then, would it be to anyone to represent plays that are known to be in advance of the public mind? Clearly, none whatever. If there are men who desire to write what are known as *œuvres de transition*, and I sincerely trust there are many such, let them print their plays and so obtain the verdict of their friends and, if possible, that of the Press ; the *chef d'œuvre* soon makes itself known, and sooner or later, far sooner than is expected, the play will be tried in the presence of a select audience, and if it succeeds it will be produced in a more public manner.

Having studied the question in its general bearings, let us glance—for a glance will suffice—at it in detail. Has the Censorship ever forbidden the representation of a *chef d'œuvre* or even of a first-rate piece of literary workmanship? For information I turn to Mr. Archer's exhaustive essay. Mr. Archer goes back to the very beginnings of the Censorship. He makes much fuss over the fact that a political lampoon called *Polly* was forbidden in 1730; and hence he wends his way through a host of forgotten farces out of which some past Censorship cut a few political allusions. As he approaches the modern stage Mr. Archer grows more and more irate with the Censorship for passing certain jokes which Mr. Archer denominates as gross. Mr. Archer is especially angry with *Confusion*, an eccentric comedy in which a man thinks that his wife, to whom he has been married two months, is the mother of a baby. The basket which he thinks contains the baby contains a pug dog and the secret is, naturally, not allowed to leak out till the end of the third act. From the criticism published in his book, *About the Theatre*, it seems clear that if fate had placed Mr. Archer in the Censorship shoes he would have forbidden this play. By so doing, Mr. Archer would have placed himself entirely at variance with public taste, for the comedy in question ran five hundred nights and no one except Mr. Archer ever dreamed of seeing evil in it. Mr. Archer is also very wrath with a farce called *The Man with Three Wives*, and in support of his view he quotes some of the dialogue :—

Mother (in tears) : "My poor child ! My poor child !"

Father: "Come, I suppose she is my child too." (Laughter.) . .

Mother (pensively) : "I suppose so." (Great laughter.) . . . "My child ! A husband is not a mother !"

Father: "No, nor a father—at least not always." (Shrieks of laughter.)

I should not have thought that such stuff would excite an impure thought in the obscenest ape that nature ever thrust into being, nor would any intelligent Censor deem it worth the ink that it would cost to erase the passage; he would let it pass just as we let pass the ordinary inanities of life. But Mr. Archer would have suppressed this passage. Yet the passage received the approbation of the public, and no one expects or desires more

from the Censor than that he should license those and only those plays that do not flagrantly violate the public mind in matters moral, religious, and political. Mr. Archer would probably argue that were there no Censorship the public mind would be more alert. On this point I agree with Mr. Archer. By doing away with the Licenser of Plays and asking the public to be its own Censorship of moral, we should deliver England over to unlimited prurient consideration of things that it would be healthier not to brood over. Purity does not consist in seeing nastiness in everything. Some months ago the *Pall Mall* had to warn its readers that we were approaching perilously near the time when it would be "seriously asked if young ladies really did undress before going to bed, and if sea-bathing was still tolerated on certain parts of the coast."

Men once demanded leave to protect their religions and beliefs, and we know with what results; now they ask leave to protect their morals; and as men agree no more regarding the moral than they do regarding the religious question, the artist is obliged to cry, "Save me from them," and a Censorship has been given him. The Censor is the policeman that prevents every fanatic and thief in Christendom from breaking into the artist's house. The Censorship allows Mr. Archer the privilege of venting his arguments on marriage; and I notice with thankfulness that that ancient institution has survived a three weeks' run of *Nora* at the Novelty. The Censorship allows those to laugh who want to laugh at certain phases in married life, and I notice, and again with thankfulness, that that ancient institution has survived five hundred nights of jokes as well as it survived twenty-one nights of argument.

I have shown that the autocracy of a Dramatic Censor is an artistic necessity. The question remains whether he exercises his power wisely—that is to say, whether he represents the public mind. I have shown that the public was with the Censor on many of the points that Mr. Archer elects to dispute with him. Let us take all the points he raises, one after the other. Mr. Archer says the Censor would have refused to license the *Promise of May* had it not been by the Laureate. Possibly this is so; and by refusing to license it he would again have placed himself on the side of the

public, for the representation of the play met with no public support, and it occasioned violent scenes in the theatre. What more does Mr. Archer wish for? The Censor represented the public mind when he said Yes, and also when he would have said No had it been possible for him to have said No. I waive all consideration of the Censor's refusal to license the *Cenci*, for the play came to him condemned, possibly by his predecessors, certainly by public opinion, as being unfit for representation in a public theatre. The only case in which the Censor forbade the performance of a *chef d'œuvre* on his own responsibility was when he refused to license Mr. Arthur Matherson's adaptation of *Les Lionnes Pauvres*. *Les Lionnes Pauvres* is certainly one of the very finest samples of modern dramatic work. A great theme is conceived and executed with genius, with a strange, blank crudeness which nothing save genius could effect; nor is this quality manifested merely in scattered lines or occasional scenes, but it is apparent from the beginning of the play to the end. True it is that the theme is un-English, but I do not mean thereby that the immorality of *Les Lionnes Pauvres* is unknown in England; the facts are merely the immoralities that European civilisation produces; but the observation of those facts, their arrangement, and their colouring are essentially French. Mr. Archer speaks of Mr. Matherson's translation; Mr. Matherson was not a sufficiently accomplished literary artist to translate this play—he *adapted* it. And how would a writer of Mr. Matherson's ability *adapt* this play? He would change the Champs Elysées to Curzon Street, he would give the characters English names, he would disgrace Augier's beautiful dialogue with raw colloquialisms, slipshod English, stereotyped expressions, and these he would set side by side with inadequately translated passages. I bought the play, and found it to consist of such work as I have described. It was horribly unreadable. The original crudity, I should say the original violence of the story, saved only by its exquisite balance of dialogue, appeared in the English text at once repulsive, unreal, and ludicrous. It is beside the question, but I cannot refrain from saying that the Censorship in this instance earned the gratitude of all men of letters for having saved a great dramatic work from scandal and shocking mutilation.

Mr. Archer's diatribe against the Dramatic Censorship was written before the Vizetelly prosecutions, and having regard to these he possibly now sees reason to alter the views which he so fully expressed in his book *About the Theatre*. But, strange to say, these prosecutions have not silenced other writers; and, as I have said, anyone wishing to pose as a thinker on literary subjects attacks the Censorship. Possibly their articles do not endanger the permanency of the office, but it seemed to me, nevertheless, not undesirable that someone should demonstrate how necessary a Dramatic Censorship is in England. This I have done; and I have now only to assure my readers that I deplore that the right of free printing should have been lost, that none should have seen the far-reaching consequences of having introduced restrictions into what should be the first and inalienable right of every free country. I hold these opinions not because I deem morals of no importance, but because I am certain that it is life, and not books or plays, that corrupts. A book exerts infinite sway over our mental, little over our physical nature. A book may alter a devout Protestant into a confirmed Atheist, but no book or play could affect the senses as deeply as immodest words or even glances. This is my opinion. I believe it to be strictly true, but I do not expect it to be accepted as true. The nineteenth century, alas! believes as implicitly in the power of a book to corrupt as the fifteenth century believed in the power of old women to fly through the air on broomsticks. Two centuries hence the former belief will be as dead as the latter is to-day.

Argument is of no immediate avail; time alone can cure. In the meantime an intelligent Censorship will preserve the artist against folly, ignorance, and pruriency.

GEORGE MOORE.

A RADICAL PROGRAMME.

PART IV.

IT is a question whether, in adopting payment of members of Parliament, we should not also make trial of payment of members of local Boards, in order to enable workmen and poor men of talent to make their way as regards the care of local business, and ultimately, perhaps, through local Parliaments, to the Imperial Parliament. But, if Town Councils and such bodies are to be paid, they will certainly have to consist of far fewer members, however small the pay may be. It is often urged that a considerable force of members is needed in order to supply material for committees. On the other hand, there is reason to think that committees of three work better than large committees. The County Council of London has sub-committees of as many as sixteen members, for which there can be no conceivable reason, and which leads to terrible waste of time. There can be no reason for continuing the existence of local bodies on the scale as regards numbers of the London Vestries. Payment of members to be complete must include the payment of the lawful expenses of elections, and not only of what are known as returning officers' charges, but of all costs that would be allowed at all under a better system. These costs must include the publication of the address and the postage of the polling cards, so that for the first time poor men will stand in an equal position as regards candidature with those of greater wealth.

Among other political reforms which will one day be adopted there may or may not be one which concerns the Upper House. The more advanced portion of the Liberal constituencies undoubtedly hopes that the Liberal party will never follow those, unfortunately numerous among its leaders, who counsel what is

known as reform of the House of Lords. The interests both of the party and of the country point to the fiercest and most uncompromising resistance to all schemes of the kind. There is a serious danger upon this score, because Mr. Labouchere, who used to attack Upper Houses, now attacks hereditary Upper Houses, and receives the support virtually of the whole Liberal party in Parliament, which means that the party is becoming committed to an attack upon the hereditary plan, and points to the creation of an Upper House formed upon some other system. The advocacy of permission to peers to stand for the House of Commons does not constitute a proposal for reform of the Upper House. If no Upper House existed the peers would have the ordinary rights of nearly all other subjects of the Crown to stand for the House of Commons, and the constituencies would have the right to elect them if they chose to do so, a right which is denied them at the present time. The occasional sudden removal from politics of distinguished statesmen succeeding to hereditary peerages points strongly in the direction of allowing such peers to retain their seats in the House of Commons, should constituencies desire to be represented by them. We may one day see the country virtually lose the services of Lord Hartington, and even those opposed to him upon every political question may be allowed to think that the country could lose few more useful men. It is possible, too, to point to actual fact in referring to the total loss to the country of the distinguished services of the greatest of leaders of the House of Commons, the man who piloted the Reform Bill through Committee,—Lord Althorp. A change in this respect will, however, constitute no reform of the House of Lords, but is rather a negation of the principle of Upper Houses. To that reform all Radicals should be steadfastly opposed. The natural habit of the British people, with their great political sense, is to allow institutions as they grow mischievous or useless gradually to become extinct. The natural turn of the British mind should lead us to look forward to the time when the House of Lords, having become generally recognised as a body no longer in harmony with the needs of the age, would, nevertheless, continue to sit as a dignified and antique survival, represented at last only by the Lord Chancellor and the Royal Com-

missioners, the latter solemnly pronouncing the time-honoured formula, *La reyne le veult*, in assent to Bills. The veto of the House of Lords would follow the Royal veto. One thriving young British community, Manitoba, has indeed abolished its Upper House, and it is no doubt open to us, in this matter as in others, to follow Colonial example, but to do so would be to adopt Colonial rather than British habits. The present pressing danger is that of so-called reform of the Upper House, which means the strengthening of the House of Lords. To yield to it is to admit that most dangerous of political doctrines—the necessity of academic restraints upon democracy—to submit to a foolish terror of the public will. What would be this reformed Upper House? It would be a House like the present House, of Conservatives, of landowners, of rich men, of Churchmen. It is possible for a man to be a Churchman, a Conservative, a rich man, a landowner, and yet to see that it is unwise to reconstitute a House necessarily, and, as it were, by a law of its constitution, containing a majority of members of this type. Conservatism is an excellent thing if it represents the natural Conservatism of the country and is returned by Conservative votes to have its due weight in the House of Commons. Wealth may be a good thing, especially for those who have it. There is no reason for making in this matter any attack upon the Church of England in the name of the superiority either of Protestant Non-conformity or of Roman Catholicism; and equally little ground for special attack upon the landholding class—good citizens and less harsh to the poor than many capitalists whose money is in personalty. But why try to get rid of the difficulties caused by the permanent existence in the constitution of one House always, whatever the momentary position of the other, in the hands of Conservatives, Churchmen, landowners, and rich men, by setting up a brand-new House in which precisely the same principles would prevail, and which would have received fresh consecration at the hands of the House of Commons and of the country? Sooner by far should we see the present state of things continue.

Some have devised elaborate plans for securing the occasional possession by the Liberal party of a majority in a reformed House of Lords. Those proposals to make a majority in the House of Lords

follow in its views the majority in the House of Commons are idle and useless, but they are unlikely of adoption. What is far more probable is that some system will be devised by which the Upper House, with a new lease of life, would be as surely handed over to the Conservative party for good and all, as are the present peers.

It must not be supposed that those who doubt the utility of Upper Houses believe that popular assemblies are never guilty of error. But it is possible to entertain a strong opinion that when they are guilty of error their errors are such as are unlikely to be counteracted by Upper Houses, unless, indeed, by those powerful bodies, Federal Assemblies, in federal States. It is possible to conceive that a democratic House of Commons in a long period of peace might allow the defences of the country to fall into decay, and might in this manner endanger the safety of the State; but, if there has ever been any risk upon this head, can anyone pretend that it has been reduced by the existence of an Upper House? The American Senate is a body which compares favourably with the American House of Representatives, but the American Senate is the House to which the Constitution of the United States has assigned the more powerful position. It is a House elected by the States, and represents the federal element that is dominant in the American Constitution. It is possible to create a powerful Upper House in federations, but outside of federations Upper Houses can hardly be powerful without danger to all progress. Some think that it would be possible to turn the House of Lords into a federal Senate in which various parts of the Empire would receive representation. If the federation were one of the United Kingdom only, England would, by her size, overweight Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and we should not possess a true federal Senate. If, on the other hand, the plan be one for a federation of the Empire, the difficulty in the way is that the Colonies would not listen to any such suggestion. When those who desire the creation of a federal Chamber, to replace the House of Lords, have hit upon a scheme, let them produce the assent to it of the mother Colony of Australia, and we may begin to listen.

The view of the Radical constituencies is that as Town Councils could get on very well without aldermen, so the House of Com-

mons could get on very well without a House of Lords. If, however, checks upon democracy, or other Conservative restrictions, are in the opinion of the country necessary, then surely it would be better to introduce the Conservative principle of the popular vote, or as it is now called, from its Swiss name, the Referendum. With the Referendum might be combined the principle of frequent elections, even of annual Parliaments, for there is no danger under the Referendum of want of continuity in Government. When people have, as in Switzerland, the power of vetoing the Bills they do not like they continually elect the same men to the same positions, trusting them as skilled administrators, full of experience, even when there is a general desire to throw out their measures. The idea of the Referendum is fast spreading, and I notice that Mr. Deakin, the Colonial Secretary of Victoria, has proposed that the future federal Constitution of Australia should be submitted to the people of the various Colonies and a popular vote taken on its provisions. There has been lately an interesting discussion in some English journals and magazines with regard to the Referendum. A Liberal Unionist professor has written in favour of it without explaining to his readers how terribly strong a Conservative force the Referendum would become if that form of veto over legislation were to be added to the existing veto of the House of Lords. Professor Dicey has been attacked in Liberal papers upon other grounds. But the true point which could wisely have been discussed has received insufficient notice. It is not whether the veto of the Referendum should be added to the veto of the House of Lords, a ridiculously impracticable proposal, but whether, if a check upon a popular Assembly be needed, the Referendum would not be a wiser form of check than that afforded by Upper Houses of any kind.

It is not necessary to class among political reforms needed for the purposes, social and financial, to which reference has been made the Disestablishment of the Church, and the decision that for the future the State should express no preference among the Churches, and should only ensure fairplay to all the creeds. Those who are opposed to Disestablishment, who are mostly attached members of the Church of England (although there are many attached members of the Church who desire it, and especially if it could be

brought about without Disendowment), generally look forward to improvement in the position of the Church by reform of a more or less sweeping nature. That reform is impossible under the present system. The Church is unable to secure from the House of Commons legislation in its interest. The last legislation with regard to the Church that was carried through the House of Commons, passed, indeed, with the support of a party in the Church, but on the whole against the wish of the Church itself, and was legislation which, by the admission of most Churchmen, has not been beneficial to the Church as an organised community. While in Wales and Scotland the majority of the people desire Disestablishment, accompanied by Disendowment, and will speedily obtain it, in England it is probable that if Disestablishment and Disendowment together were to be submitted to a popular vote they would, as matters stand, be rejected by the electorate. Many, on the other hand, who are at present opposed to Disestablishment because it seems to involve Disendowment, would support Disestablishment if it stood alone, and meant only the freeing of the Church from State control, with permission to legislate for itself in Convocation. The problem is complicated by the fact that some of the official doctrines of the Church are not in harmony with the feelings of the majority of the people of the country. The Church of England does, by the general though not universal assent of its clergy, and with the assent of the majority among its flocks, some things contrary to the law which is supposed by the State to have been laid down for it. The directions of the Church contained in the Articles of Religion and the Rubrics, are also in some matters contradictory. Nevertheless, Parliament is now wholly unable to touch the matter, and will never again be able to touch it. This fact in itself points to Disestablishment, but in England Disestablishment is unlikely to come until desired by a majority within the Church itself. In other words, while the Nonconformists will probably be unable to force Disestablishment and Disendowment upon the Church in England, the day will come when the Church of England will look back upon its bondage to the State with a feeling of relief at its deliverance. There are some among our leaders, although their opinion is not largely represented in the constituencies, who long for a state of things in which

the Church, instead of being disestablished, would be nationalised and rendered in fact that which it is in theory—the Church of the whole people, or that department of the State which is concerned with moral and religious training. This beautiful dream, when put into plain English, appears to mean what some sturdy Nonconformists would describe as concurrent endowment, such as Church people would oppose and Nonconformists would refuse to accept. It is clear, however, that either Disestablishment or Nationalisation of the Church must be brought about, unless the Church is to pine under the impossibility of providing means for bringing from time to time its usages into harmony with the desire of the majority among its members. Doctrine, of course, is permanent, but usage varies; and, unfortunately, in all Churches there is a tendency to quarrel more sharply over usage than over doctrine.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD and ANDREW LANG.

Helenam vero immortalem fuisse indicat tempus.—Servius. Æneid II., 501.

BOOK II.

Chapter XI.

THE WAKING OF THE WANDERER.

NOW Rei the Priest, as had been appointed, went to the pylon gate of the Temple of Hathor. Awhile he stood looking for the Wanderer, but, though the hour had come, the Wanderer came not. Then the Priest went to the pylon and stood in the shadow of the gate. As he stood there a wicket in the gate opened and there passed out a veiled figure of a woman upon whose breast burned a red jewel that shone in the night like a star. The woman waited awhile looking down the moonlit road between the black rows of sphinxes, but the road lay white and empty, and she turned and hid herself in the shadow of the pylon, where Rei could see nothing of her except the red Star that gleamed upon her breast.

Now a great fear came upon the old man, for he knew that he looked upon the strange and deadly Hathor. Perchance he, too, would perish like the rest who had looked on her to their ruin. He thought of flight, but he did not dare to fly. Then he, too, stared down the road seeking for the Wanderer, but no shadow crossed the moonlight. Thus things went for awhile and still the Hathor stood silently in the shadow and still the blood-red Star shone upon her breast. And so it came to pass that the World's Desire must wait at the tryst, like some forsaken village maid.

While Rei the Priest crouched thus against the pylon wall, praying for the coming of him who came not, suddenly a voice spoke to him in tones sweeter than a lute.

"Who art thou that hidest in the shadow?" said the voice.

He knew that it was the Hathor who spoke, and so afraid was he that he could not answer.

Then the voice spoke again:

"Oh thou most crafty of men, why doth it please thee to come hither to seek me in the guise of an aged priest? Once, Odysseus, I saw thee in a beggar's weeds, and knew thee in the midst of thy foes. Shall I not know thee again in peace beneath thy folded garb and thy robes of white?"

Rei heard and knew that he could hide himself no longer. Therefore he came forward trembling and knelt before her, saying:

"Oh, mighty Queen, I am not that man whom thou didst name, nor am I

hid in any wrappings of disguise. Nay, I do avow myself to be named Rei the Chief Architect of Pharaoh, the Commander of the Legion of Amen, the chief of the Treasury of Amen, and a man of repute in this land of Khem. Now if, indeed, thou art the Goddess of this Temple, as I judge by that red jewel which burns upon thy breast, I pray thee be merciful to thy servant and smite me not with thy wrath, for not by my own will am I here, but by the command of that hero whom thou hast named, and for whose coming I wait. Be merciful, therefore, and hold thy hand."

"Fear not thou, Rei," said the sweet voice. "Little am I minded to harm thee, or any man, for though many men have gone down the path of darkness because of me, who am a doom to men, it has not been by my will, but by the will of the immortal Gods, who use me to their ends. Rise thou, Rei, and tell me why thou art come hither, and where is he whom I have named?"

Then Rei rose, and looking up saw the light of the Helen's eyes shining on him through her veil. But there was no anger in them, they shone mildly as stars in an evening sky, and his heart was comforted.

"I know not where the Wanderer is, oh thou Immortal," he said. "This I know only, that he bade me meet him here at one hour before midnight, and so I came."

"Perchance he, too, will come anon," said the sweet voice, "but why did he whom thou namest the Wanderer bid thee meet him here?"

"For this reason, O Hathor. He told me that this night he should be wed to thee, and was minded thereafter to fly from Khem with thee. Therefore he bade me come, who am a friend to him, to talk with thee and him as to how thy flight should go, and yet he comes not."

Now as Rei spake, he turned his face upward, and the Golden Helen looked upon it.

"Hearken, Rei," she said, "but yesterday, after I had stood upon the pylon tower as the Gods decreed, and sung to those who were ripe to die, I went to my shrine and wove my web while the doomed men fell beneath the swords of them who were set to guard my beauty, but who now are gone. And as I wove, one passed the ghosts and rent the web and stood before me. It was he whom I await to-night, and after awhile I knew him for Odysseus of Ithaca, Odysseus, Laertes' son. But as I looked on him, and spake with him, behold I saw a Spirit watching us, though he might not see it, a Spirit whose face I knew not, for no such man have I known in my life days. Know then, Rei, that the face of the Spirit was *thy* face, and its robes *thy* robes."

Then once more Rei trembled in his fear.

"Now, Rei, I bid thee tell me, and speak the truth lest evil come on thee, not at my hands indeed, for I would harm none, but at the hands of those Immortals who are akin to me. What did thy Spirit yonder, in my sacred shrine? How didst thou dare to enter and look upon my beauty and hearken to my words?"

"Oh, great Queen," said Rei, "I will tell thee the truth, and I pray thee let not the wrath of the Gods fall upon me. Not of my own will did my Spirit enter into thy Holy Place, nor do I know aught of what I saw therein, seeing that no memory of it remains in me. Nay, it was sent of her whom I serve, who is the mistress of all magic, and to her it made report, but what it said I know not."

"And whom dost thou serve, Rei? And why did she send thy Spirit forth to spy on me?"

"I serve Meriamun, the Queen, and she sent my Spirit forth to learn what befell the Wanderer when he went up against the ghosts."

"And yet he said nought to me of this Meriamun. Say, Rei, is she fair?"

"Of all women who live upon the earth she is the very fairest."

"Of *all*, sayest thou, Rei? Look now, and say if Meriamun, whom thou dost serve, is fairer than Argive Helen, whom thou dost name the Hathor?" and she lifted her veil so that he saw the face that was beneath.

Now when he heard that name, and looked upon the glory of her who is Beauty's self, Rei shrank back till he went nigh to falling on the earth.

"Nay," he said, covering his eyes with his hand, "nay, thou art fairer than she."

"Then tell me," she said, letting fall her veil again, "and for hine own sake tell me true, why would Meriamun, the Queen, whom thou servest, know the fate of him who came up against the ghosts?"

"Wouldst thou know, Daughter of Amen?" answered Rei, "then I will tell thee, for through thee alone she whom I serve and love can be saved from shame. Meriamun doth also love the man whom thou wouldst wed."

Now when the Golden Helen heard these words, she pressed her hand against her bosom.

"So I feared," she said, "even so. She loves him, and he comes not. Ah! if it be so! Now, Rei, I am tempted to pay this Queen of thine in her own craft, and send thy spirit forth to spy on her. Nay, that I will not do, for never shall Helen work by shameful guile, or magic. Nay—but we will hence, Rei, we will to the Palace where my rival dwells, there to learn the truth. Fear not, I will bring no ill on thee, nor on her whom thou servest. Lead me to the Palace, Rei. Lead me swiftly."

. . . . . .

Now the Wanderer slept in the arms of Meriamun, who wore the shape of Argive Helen. His golden harness was piled by the golden bed, and by the bed stood the black Bow of Eurytus. The night drew on towards the dawning, when of a sudden the Bow awoke and sang, and thus it sang:

Wake! wake! though the arms of thy Love are about thee, yet dearer by far
Than her kiss is the sound of the fight;
And more sweet than her voice is the cry of the trumpet, and goodlier far
Than her arms is the battle's delight!
And what eyes are so bright as the sheen of the bronze when the sword is aloft?
What breast is so fair as the shield?
Or what garland of roses is dear as the helm, and what sleep is so soft
As the sleep of slain men on the field?

Lo! the Snake that was twined about the form of her who wore the shape of Helen heard the magic song. It awoke, it arose. It twined itself about the body of the Wanderer and the body of her who wore the shape of Helen, knitting them together in the bond of sin. It grew, and lifting its woman head on high it sang in answer. And thus it sang of doom:

Sleep! be at rest for an hour; as in death men believe they shall rest,
But they wake! And thou, too, shalt awake!

In the dark of the grave do they stir ; but about them, on arms and on breast,
Are the toils and the coils of the Snake !
By the tree where the first Lovers lay, did I watch as I watch where he lies,
Love laid on the bosom of Lust !

Then the great Bow answered the Snake and it sang :

Of the tree where the first Lovers sinned, was I shapen ; I bid thee arise,
Thou Slayer that soon shalt be dust.

And the Snake sang reply :

Be thou silent, my Daughter of Death, be thou silent nor wake him from sleep,
With the song and the sound of thy breath.

The Bow heard the song of the Snake. The Death heard the song of the Sin, and again its thin music thrilled upon the air. For thus it sang :

Be thou silent, my Mother of Sin, for this watch it is given me to keep
On the sleep of the dealer of Death.

Then the Snake sang :

Hush, hush, thou art young, and thou camest to birth when the making was done
Of the world : I am older therein.

And the Bow answered :

But without me thy strength were as weakness, the prize of thy strength were unwon ;
I am *Death*, and the Daughter of Sin !

Now the song of the Snake and the song of the Bow sank through the depths of sleep till they reached the Wanderer's ears. He sighed, he stretched out his mighty arms, he opened his eyes and lo ! they looked upon the eyes that bent above him, eyes of flame that lit the face of a woman—the face of Meriamun that wavered on a serpent's neck and faded from his sight. He cried aloud with fear and sprang from the couch. The faint light of the dawning crept through the casements and fell upon the bed. The faint light of the dawning fell upon the golden bed of Pharaoh's Queen, it gleamed upon the golden armour that was piled by the bed and on the polished surface of the great black Bow. It shone upon the face of her who lay in the bed.

Then he remembered. Surely he had slept with the Golden Helen, who was his bride, and surely he had dreamed an evil dream, a dream of a snake that wore the face of Pharaoh's Queen. Yea, there lay the Golden Helen, won at last—the Golden Helen now made a wife to him. Now he mocked his own fears, and now he bent to wake her with a kiss. Faintly the new-born light crept and gathered on her face, ah ! how beautiful she was in sleep. Nay, what was this ? whose face was this beneath his own ? Not so had Helen looked in the Shrine of her Temple, when he tore the web. Not so had Helen seemed yonder in the dusky Hall when she stood in the moonlit space—not so had she seemed when he sware the great oath to love her, and her alone. Whose beauty was it, then, that now he saw ? By the immortal Gods, it was the beauty of Meriamun, t was the glory of Pharaoh's Queen.

He stared upon her lovely sleeping face, while terror shook his soul. How could this be? What, then, had he done?

Then light broke upon him. He looked around the chamber—there on the walls were graven the images of the Gods of Khem, there above the bed the names of Meneptah and Meriamun were written side by side in the sacred signs of Khem. Not with the Golden Helen had he slept, but with the wife of Pharaoh. To her he had sworn the oath, and she had worn the Helen's shape—and now the spell was broken.

He stood amazed, and as he stood, again the great Bow thrilled, warning him of Death to come. Then his strength came back to him and he seized his armour and girt it about him piece by piece till he lifted the golden helm. It slipped from his hand, with a crash it fell upon the marble floor. With a crash it fell, and she who slept in the bed awoke with a cry, and sprang from the bed, her dark hair streaming down, her night gear held to her by the golden Snake with gemmy eyes that she must ever wear.

But he caught his sword in his hand, and threw down the ivory sheath.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

THE VENGEANCE OF KURRI.

THE Wanderer and Pharaoh's Queen stood face to face in the twilight of the chamber. They stood in silence, while bitter anger and burning shame poured into his heart and shone from his eyes. But the face of Mer amun was cold as the face of the dead, and on it was a smile such as the carven sphinxes wear. Only her breast heaved tumultuously as though in triumph and her limbs quivered like a shaken reed.

At length she spoke. "Why lookest thou so strangely on me, my Lord and Love, and why hast thou girded thy harness on thy back? Scarcely doth glorious Ra creep from the breast of Nout, and wouldst thou leave thy bridal bed, Odysseus?"

Still he spoke no word but looked on her with burning eyes. Then she stretched out her arms and came towards him loverlike. And now he found his tongue again.

"Get thee from me!" he said, in a voice low and terrible to hear, "get thee from me. Dare not to touch me, thou, who art a harlot and a witch, lest I forget my manhood and strike thee dead before me."

"That thou canst not do, Odysseus," she answered soft, "for whatever else I be, I am thy wife and thou art bound to me for ever. What was the oath which thou didst swear not five short hours ago?"

"I swore an oath, indeed, but not to thee, Meriamun. I swore an oath to Argive Helen whom I love, and I wake to find thee sleeping at my side, thee whom I hate."

"Nay," she said, "to me thou didst swear the oath, Odysseus, for thou, of men the most guileful, hast at length been overmastered in guile. To me, 'Woman or Immortal,' thou didst swear, 'for now and for ever, for here and hereafter; *in whatever shape thou goest on the earth, by whatever name thou art known among men.*' Oh, be not wroth, my Lord, but hearken. What matters the shape in which thou seest me? At the least am I not fair? And what is beauty but a casket that hides the gem within? 'Tis my love which thou hast won, my love that is immortal and not the flesh that perishes. For I have loved thee, ay, and thou hast loved me from of old and in other lives than this, and I tell thee that we shall love again, and yet again, when thou art no more Odysseus of Ithaca, and when I am no more Meriamun, the Queen of Khem, but while we walk in other forms upon the world and are named by other names. I am thy doom, thou Wanderer, and wherever thou dost wander through the fields of Life and Death, I shall be at thy side. For I am that She of whom thou art, and thou art He of whom I am, and though the Gods have severed us yet must we float together down the river of our lives till we find the sea of which the Spirit knows. Therefore put me not from thee and raise not my wrath against thee, for if I used my magic to bring thee to my arms, yet they are thy home." And once more she came towards him.

Now the Wanderer drew an arrow from his quiver and set the notch against his breast and the keen barb towards the breast of Meriamun.

"Draw on," he said. "Thus will I take thee to my arms again. Hearken,

Meriamun the witch,—Meriamun the harlot, Pharaoh's wife and Queen of Khem. To thee I swore an oath indeed, and perchance because I suffered thy guile to overcome my wisdom, because I swore upon That which circles thee about, and not by the red Star which gleams upon the Helen's breast, it may be that I shall lose her whom I love. So indeed the Queen of Heaven told me, yonder in seagirt Ithaca, though to my sorrow I forgot her words. But if I lose her or if I win, know this, that I love her and her only, and I hate thee like the gates of Hell. For thou hast tricked me with thy magic, thou hast stolen the shape of Beauty's self and dared to wear it, thou hast drawn a dreadful oath from me and I have taken thee to wife. And more, thou art the Queen of Khem, thou art Pharaoh's wife, whom I swore to guard. But thou hast brought the last shame upon me, for now I am a man dishonoured, and I have sinned against the hospitable hearth and the God of guests and hosts. And now I will do this. I will call together the Guard of which I am chief and tell them all thy shame, ay, and all my sorrow. I will shout it in the streets, I will publish it from the temple tops, and when Pharaoh comes again I will call it into his ear, till he and all who live in Khem know thee for what thou art and see thee in thy naked shame."

She hearkened and her face grew terrible to see. A moment she stood as though in thought, one hand pressed to her brow and one upon her breast. Then she spoke.

"Is that thy last word, Wanderer?"

"It is my last word, Queen," he answered, and turned to go.

Then with the hand that rested on her breast she rent her night robes and tore her perfumed hair. Past him she rushed towards the door and as she ran sent scream on scream echoing up the painted walls.

The curtains shook, the doors were burst asunder, and through them poured guards, eunuchs, and waiting women.

"Help," she cried, pointing to the Wanderer. "Help—help, oh save mine honour from this evil man, this foreign thief whom Pharaoh set to guard me, and who guards me thus: this coward who dared to creep upon me—the Queen of Khem—even as I slept in Pharaoh's bed!" and she cast herself upon the floor and threw her hair about her and lay there groaning and weeping as though in he last agony of shame.

Now when the guards saw how the thing was, a great cry of rage and shame went up from them and they rushed upon the Wanderer like wolves upon a stag at bay. But he leapt backwards to the side of the bed and even as he leapt he set the arrow in his hand upon the string of the great black Bow. Then he drew it to his ear. The Bow string sang, the arrow rushed forth, and he who stood before it got his death. Again the Bow string sang, again the arrow rushed, and lo! another man was sped. A third time he drew the Bow and the soul of a third went down the ways of Hell. Now they rolled back from him as the waters roll from a rock, for none dared face the shafts of Death. They shot at him with spears and arrows from behind the shelter of the pillars, but none of these might harm him, for some fell from his mail and some he caught upon his buckler.

Now among those who had run thither at the sound of the cries of Meriamun was that same Kurri, the miserable captain of the Sidonians whose life the Wanderer had spared, and whom he had given to the Queen to be her jeweller. And when Kurri saw the Wanderer's plight, he thought in his greedy heart of

those treasures that he had lost, and of how he who had been a captain and a rich merchant of Sidon was now nought but a slave.

Then a great desire came upon him to work the Wanderer ill if so he might. Now all round the edge of the chamber were shadows, for the light was yet faint, and Kurri crept into the shadows carrying a long spear in his hand, and that spear was hafted into the bronze point which had stood in the Wanderer's helm. Little did the Wanderer glance his way, for he watched the lances and arrows that flew towards him from the portal, so the end of it was that the Sidonian passed round the chamber unseen, and climbed into the golden bed of Pharaoh on the further side of the bed. Now the Wanderer stood with his back to the bed and a spear's length from it, and in the silken hangings were fixed spears and arrows. Kurri's first thought was to stab him in the back, but this he did not; first, because he feared lest he should fail to pierce the golden harness and the Wanderer should turn and slay him; and again, because he hoped the Wanderer would be put to death by torment, and he was fain to have a hand in it, for after the fashion of the Sidonians he was skilled in the tormenting of men. Therefore he waited till presently the Wanderer let fall his buckler and drew the bow. But ere the arrow reached his ear Kurri had stretched out his spear from between the hangings and touched the string with the keen bronze so that it burst asunder and the grey shaft fell upon the marble floor. Then as the Wanderer cast down the Bow and turned with a cry to spring on him who had cut the cord, for his eye had caught the sheen of the outstretched spear, Kurri lifted the covering of purple web which lay upon the bed, and deftly cast it over the hero's head so that he was immeshed. Thereon the soldiers and the eunuchs took heart, seeing what had been done, and ere ever the Wanderer could clear himself from the covering and draw his sword they rushed upon him. Even cumbered as he was they might not easily overcome him, but in the end they bore him down and held him fast so that he could not stir so much as a finger. Then one cried aloud to Meriamun:

"The lion is trapped, O Queen! Say, shall we slay him?"

But Meriamun, who had watched the fray through the cover of her hands, shuddered and made answer:

"Nay, but lock his tongue with a gag, strip his armour from him, and bind him with fetters of bronze, and make him fast to the dungeon walls with great chains of bronze. There shall he bide till Pharaoh come again; for against Pharaoh's honour he hath sinned and shamefully broken the oath he swore to him—and therefore shall Pharaoh make him die in such fashion as seems good to him."

Now when Kurri heard these words and saw the Wanderer's sorry plight he bent over him and said:

"It was I, Kurri the Sidonian, who cut the cord of thy great Bow, Eperitus; with the spear-point that thou gavest back to me I cut it, I, whose folk thou didst slay and madest me a slave. And I will crave this boon of Pharaoh that mine shall be the hand to torment thee night and day till at last thou diest, cursing the day that thou wast born."

The Wanderer looked upon him and answered: "There thou liest, thou Sidonian dog, for this is written in thy face, that thou thyself shalt die within an hour and that strangely."

Then Kurri shrank back scowling. But no more words might Odysseus speak, for at once they forced his jaws apart and gagged him with a gag of iron

—and thereafter stripping his harness from him they bound him with fetters as the Queen had commanded.

Now while they dealt thus with the Wanderer, Meriamun passed into another chamber and swiftly threw robes on her to hide her disarray, clasping them round her with the golden girdle which now she must always wear. But her long hair she left unbound, nor did she wash the stains of tears from her face, for she was minded to seem shamed and woebegone in the eyes of all men, till Pharaoh came again.

. . . . . .

Rei and the Golden Helen passed through the streets of the city till they came to the Palace gates. And here they must wait till the dawn, for Rei, thinking to come thither with the Wanderer who was Captain of the Guard, had not learned the word of entry.

"Easy would it be for me to win my way through those great gates," said the Helen to Rei at her side, "but it is my counsel that we wait a little. Perchance he whom we seek will come forth." So they entered the porch of the Temple of Osiris that looked towards the gates, and there they waited till the dawn gathered in the Eastern sky. The Helen spoke no word, but Rei, watching her, knew that she was troubled at heart though he might not see her face because of the veil she wore. For from time to time she sighed and the red Star rose and fell upon her breast.

At length the first arrow of the dawn fell upon the temple porch and she spoke.

"Now let us enter," she said, "my heart forebodes evil indeed, but much of evil I have known, and where the Gods drive me there I must go."

They came to the gates, and the man who watched them opened to the Priest Rei and the veiled woman who went with him, though he marvelled at the beauty of the woman's shape.

"Where are thy fellow guards?" Rei asked of the soldier.

"I know not," he answered, "but anon a great tumult arose in the Palace and the Captain of the Gate went thither, leaving me only to guard the gate."

"Hast thou seen the Lord Eperitus?" Rei asked again.

"Nay, I have not seen him since supper-time last night, nor has he visited the Guard as was his wont."

Rei passed on wondering and with him went Helen. As they trod the Palace they saw folk flying towards the Hall of Banquets that is near the Queen's chambers. Some bore arms in their hands and some bore none, but all fled fast towards the Hall of Banquets, whence came a sound of shouting. Now they drew near the Hall and there at the further end where the doors are that lead to the Queen's chambers a great crowd had gathered.

"Hide thee, Lady—hide thee," said Rei to her who went with him, "for methinks that Death is afoot here. See, here hangs a curtain, stand thou behind it while I learn what this tumult means."

She stepped behind the curtain that hung between the pillars as Rei bade her, for now Helen's gentle breast was full of fears and she was as one dazed. Even as she stepped one came flying down the Hall who was of the servants of Rei the Priest.

"Stay thou," Rei cried to him, "and tell me what happens yonder."

"Ill deeds, my Lord," said the servant. "Eperitus the Wanderer, whom

Pharaoh made Captain of his Guard when he went forth to slay the rebel Apura —Eperitus hath laid hands on the Queen whom he was set to guard. But she fled from him and her cries awoke the Guard and they fell upon him in Pharaoh's very chamber. Some he slew with shafts from the great black Bow, but Kurri the Sidonian cut the string of the Bow and the Wanderer was borne down by many men. Now they have bound him and drag him to the dungeons there to await judgment from the lips of Pharaoh. See, they bring him. I must begone on my errand to the keeper of the dungeons."

The Golden Helen heard the shameful tale, and such sorrow took her that had she been mortal she had surely died. This, then, was the man whom she had chosen to love, this was he whom last night she should have wed. Once more the Gods had made a mock of her. So had it ever been, so should it ever be. Loveless she had lived all her life days—now she had learned to love once and for ever—and this was the fruit of it! She clasped the curtain lest she should sink to the earth—and hearing a sound looked forth. A multitude of men came down the Hall. Before them walked ten soldiers bearing a litter on their shoulders. In the litter lay a man gagged and fettered with fetters of bronze so that he might not stir, and they bore him as men bear a stag from the chase or a wild bull to the sacrifice. It was the Wanderer's self, the Wanderer overcome at last, and he seemed so mighty even in his bonds and his eyes shone with so fierce a light that the crowd shrank from him as though in fear.

Thus did Helen see her Love and Lord again as they bore him dishonoured to his dungeon cell.

She saw, and a moan and a cry burst from her heart. A moan for her own woe and a cry for the shame and faithlessness of him whom she must love. "Oh, how fallen art thou, Odysseus, who wast of men the very first," she cried.

He heard it and knew the voice of her who cried, and he gazed around. His great veins swelled upon his neck and forehead and he struggled so fiercely that he fell from the litter to the ground. But he might not rise because of the fetters nor speak because of the gag, so they lifted him again and bore him thence.

And after him went all the multitude save Rei alone. For Rei was fallen in shame and grief because of the tale that he had heard and of the deed of darkness that the man he loved had done. For not yet did he remember and learn to doubt. So he stood hiding his eyes in his hand, and as he stood Helen came forth and touched him on the shoulder, saying:

"Lead me hence, old man. Lead me back to my temple. My Love is lost indeed, but there where I found it I will abide till the Gods make their will clear to me."

He bowed, saying no word, and following the Helen, stepped into the centre of the Hall. There he stopped indeed, for down it came the Queen, her hair streaming, all her robes and her face stained with tears. She was alone save for Kurri the Sidonian who followed her, and she walked wildly as one distraught who knows not where she goes nor why. Helen saw her also.

"Who is that royal Lady who draws near?" she asked of Rei.

"It is Meriamun the Queen, she whom the Wanderer hath brought to shame."

"Stay then, I would speak with her."

"Nay, nay," cried Rei. "She loves thee not, Lady, and would slay thee."

"That cannot be," Helen answered.

Chapter II.

THE COMING OF PHARAOH.

Presently, as she walked, Meriamun saw Rei the Priest and the veiled woman at his side, and she saw on the woman's breast a red jewel that burnt and glowed like a heart of fire. Then like fire burned the heart of Meriamun, for she knew that this was Argive Helen who stood before her, Helen whose shape she had stolen like a thief, and with the mind of a thief.

"Say," she cried to Rei, who bowed before her, "say who is this woman?"

Rei looked at the Queen with terrified eyes, and spake in a voice of warning.

"This is that Goddess who dwells in the Temple of Hathor," he said. "Let her pass in peace, O Queen."

"In peace she shall pass indeed," answered Meriamun. "What saidest thou, old dotard? 'That Goddess'! Nay, no Goddess have we here, but an evil-working witch who hath brought woes unnumbered upon Khem. Because of her, men die month by month till the vaults of the Temple of Hathor are full of her slain. Because of her it was that curse upon curse fell on the land—the curse of water turned to blood, of hail, and of terrible darkness, ay, and the curse of the death of the firstborn, among whom my own son died. And thou hast dared, Rei, to bring this witch here to my Palace halls! By Amen, if I had not loved thee always, thy life should pay the price. And thou," and she stretched her hand towards the Helen, "thou hast dared to come. It is well, no more shalt thou bring evil upon Khem. Hearken, slave," and she turned to Kurri the Sidonian, "draw that knife of thine and plunge it to the hilt in the breast of yonder woman. So shalt thou win freedom and all thy goods shall be given thee again."

Then for the first time Helen spake:

"I charge thee, Lady," she said, in slow, soft tones, "bid not thy servant do this deed, for though I have little will to bring evil upon men, yet I may not lightly be affronted."

Now Kurri hung back, doubtfully fingering his dagger.

"Draw, knave, draw!" cried Meriamun, "and do my bidding, or thou shalt presently be slain with this same knife."

When the Sidonian heard these words he cried aloud with fear, for he well knew that as the Queen said so it would be done to him. Instantly he drew the great knife and rushed upon the veiled woman. But as he came Helen lifted her veil so that her eyes fell upon his eyes and the brightness of their beauty was revealed to him, and when he saw her loveliness he stopped suddenly as one who is transfixed of a spear. Then madness came upon him, and with a cry he lifted the knife and plunging it, not into her heart, but into his own, fell down dead.

This, then, was the miserable end of Kurri the Sidonian, slain by the sight of Beauty.

"Thou seest, Lady," said Helen, turning from the dead Sidonian, "no man may harm me."

For a moment the Queen stood astonished, while Rei the Priest muttered prayers to the protecting Gods. Then she cried:

"Begone, thou living curse, begone! Wherefore art thou come here to work more woe in this house of Woe and Death?"

"Fear not," answered the Helen, "presently I will begone and trouble thee no more. Thou askest why I am come hither. I came to seek him who was my love and whom but last night I should have wed, but whom the Gods have brought to shame unspeakable, Odysseus of Ithaca, Odysseus, Laertes' son. For this cause I came, and I have stayed to look upon the face of her whose beauty had power to drive the thought of me from the heart of Odysseus, and bring him, who of all men was the greatest hero and the foremost left alive, to do a dastard deed and make his mighty name a byword and a scorn. Knowest thou, Meriamun, that I find the matter strange, since if all things else be false, yet is this true, that among women the fairest are the most strong. Thou art fair indeed, Meriamun, but judge if thou art more fair than Argive Helen," and she drew the veil from her face so that the splendour of her beauty shone out upon the Queen's dark loveliness. Thus for a while they stood each facing each, and to Rei it seemed as though the Spirits of Death and Life looked one on another, as though the Darkness and the Daylight stood in woman's shape before him.

"Thou art fair indeed," said the Queen, "but in this, witch, hast thy beauty failed to hold him thou wouldst wed from the most shameless sin. Little, methinks, can that man have loved thee who crept upon me like a thief to snatch my honour from me."

Now Helen bethought her of what Rei had said, that Meriamun loved the Wanderer, and she spoke again :

"Now it comes into my heart, Egyptian, that true and false are mixed in this tale of thine. Hard it is to believe that Odysseus of Ithaca could work such a cowardly deed as this, or unbidden seek to clasp thee to his heart. Moreover, I read in thine eyes that thou thyself dost love the man whom thou namest dastard. Nay, hold thy peace, look not so wildly on me whom thou canst not harm, but hearken :

"Whether thy tale be true or false I know not, who use no magic and learn those things only that the Gods reveal to me. But this at the least is true, that Odysseus whom I should have wed has looked on thee with eyes of love, even in that hour when I waited to be made his wife. Therefore the love that but two days agone bloomed in my heart dies and withers, or if it dies not, at least I cast it from me and tread its flowers beneath my feet. For this doom the Gods have laid upon me, who am of all women the most hapless, to live beloved but loveless through many years, and at the last to love and be betrayed. And now I go hence back to my temple shrine ; but, fear not, Meriamun, not for long shall I trouble thee or Khem, and men shall die no more because of my beauty ; for I shall presently pass hence whither the Gods appoint ; and this I say to thee—deal gently with that man who has betrayed my faith, for whatever he did was done for the love of thee. It is no mean thing to have won the heart of Odysseus of Ithaca, out of the hand of Argive Helen. Fare thee well, Meriamun, who wouldst have slain me. May the Gods grant thee better days and more of joy than is given to Helen, who would look upon thy face no more."

Thus she spake, and letting her veil fall turned to go. For a while the Queen stood shamed to silence by those gentle words that fell like dew upon the fires of her hate. But ere Helen had passed the length of a spear her fury burned up again. What, should she let this woman go—this woman who alone of all that breathed was more beautiful than she, by the aid of whose stolen beauty alone she had won her love, and for whose sake she had endured such bitter words of scorn? Nay, while Helen yet lived she could find no joy nor

sleep. But were Helen dead, then perchance all might yet be well and the Wanderer yet be hers, for when the best is gone men turn then to the better.

"Close the gates and bar them," she cried to the men who now streamed back into the Hall, and they ran to do her bidding, so that before Helen reached the Palace doors, they had been shut, and the gates of bronze beyond had clashed like the shields of men.

Now Helen drew near the doors.

"Stay yon witch," cried the Queen to those who guarded them, and in wonder they poised their spears to bar the way of Helen. But she only lifted her veil and looked upon them. Then their arms fell from their hands, and they stood amazed at the sight of beauty.

"Open, I beseech you," said the Helen gently, and straightway they opened the doors and she passed through, followed by those who guarded them, by the Queen, and by Rei. But one man there was who did not see her beauty, and he strove in vain to hold back the doors and clasp Helen as she passed.

Now she drew near to the gates.

"Shoot the witch!" cried Meriamun the Queen; "if she pass the gates, by my royal word I swear that ye shall die, every man of you. Shoot her with arrows."

Then three men drew their bows mightily. But the string of the bow of one burst and the bow was shattered, and the arrow of the second slipped as he drew it, and passing downwards pierced his foot. And the shaft of the third swerved ere it struck the breast of Helen, and sank into the heart of that soldier who was next to the Queen, so that he fell down dead. It was the same man who had striven to hold to the doors and clasp the Helen.

Then Helen turned and spoke:

"Bid not thy Guard to shoot again, Meriamun, lest the arrow find *thy* heart, for, know this, no man may harm me," and once more she lifted her veil and speaking to those at the gates said, "Open, I beseech you, and let the Hathor pass."

Now their weapons fell from their hands and they looked upon her beauty, and they, too, made haste to open the gates. The great gates clanged upon their sockets and rolled back. She passed through them and all who were there followed after her. But when they looked, lo! she had mingled with the people who went to and fro and was gone.

Then Meriamun grew white with rage because she whom she hated had escaped her, and turning to those men who had opened the doors and those who had given passage of the gates, who yet stood looking on each other with dazed eyes, she doomed them to die.

But Rei, kneeling before her, prayed for their lives.

"Ill will come of it, O Queen!" he said, "as ill came to yonder Sidonian and to the soldier at thy feet, for none may work evil on this Goddess, or those who befriended the Goddess. Slay them not, O Queen, lest ill tidings follow on the deed!"

Then the Queen turned on him madly.

"Hearken thou, Rei!" she said; "speak thus again and, though I have loved thee and thou hast been the chief of the servants of Pharaoh, this I swear —that thou shalt die the first. Already the count is long between thee and me, for it was thou who didst bring yon accursed witch to my Palace. Now thou hast heard, and of this be sure, as I have spoken so I will do. Get thee gone—

get thee from my sight, I say, lest I slay thee now. I take back thy honours, I strip thee of thy offices, I gather thy wealth into my treasury. Go forth a beggar and let me see thy face no more!"

Then Rei held his peace and fled, for it was better to stand before a lioness robbed of her whelps than before Meriamun in her rage. Thereon the gates were shut again and the Captain of the Gates was dragged before the place where the Queen stood, and, asking no mercy and taking little heed—for still his soul was filled with the beauty of Helen, as a cup with wine—he suffered death, for his head was straightway smitten from him.

Rei watching from afar groaned aloud, then turned and left the Palace, but the Queen called to the soldiers to slay on. Even as she called there came a cry of woe without the Palace gates. Men looked each on each. Again the cry rose and a voice without called "Pharaoh is come again! Pharaoh is come again!" and there rose a sound of knocking at the gates.

Now Meriamun thought no more of slaying the men for that while, but bade them open the gates. They opened and a man entered, clad in raiment stained with travel. His eyes were wild, his hair was dishevelled, and scarce could his face be known for the face of Pharaoh Meneptah, it was so marred with grief and fear.

Pharaoh looked on the Queen—he looked upon the dead who lay at her feet, then laughed aloud:

"What!" he cried, "more dead. Is there, then, no end to Death and the number of his slain? Nay, here he doth work but feebly. Perchance his arm grows weary. Come, where are *thy* dead, Queen? Bring forth thy dead!"

"What hath chanced, Meneptah, that thou speakest thus madly?" asked the Queen. "She whom they name the Hathor hath passed here, and these and another who lies yonder do but mark her path—Speak!"

"Ay, I will speak, Queen. I have a merry tale to tell. Thou sayest that the Hathor hath passed here and these mark her footsteps. Well, I can cap thy tale. He whom the Apura name Jahveh hath passed yonder by the Sea of Weeds and there lie many, lie to mark His footsteps."

"Thy host! Where is thy host?" cried the Queen. "At the least some are left."

"Yea, Queen, *all* are left—all—all—save myself alone. They drift to and fro in the Sea of Weeds—they lie by their tens of thousands on its banks; the gulls tear their eyes, the lion of the desert rends their flesh, they lie unburied, their breath sighs in the sea gales, their blood sinks in the salt sands, and Osiris numbers them in the host of Hell. Hearken. I came upon the tribes of the Apura by the banks of the Sea of Weeds. I came at eve, but I might not fall upon them because of a veil of darkness that spread between my armies and the hosts of the Apura. All night long through the veil of darkness and through the shrieking of a great gale I heard a sound as of the passing of a mighty people—the clangour of their arms, the voices of captains, the stamp of beasts, and the grinding of wheels. The morning came, and, lo! before me the waters of the sea were built up as a wall on the right hand and the left, and between the walls of water was dry land, and the Apura passed between the walls. Then I cried to my captains to arise and follow swiftly and they did my bidding. But the chariot wheels drew heavily in the sand so that before all my host had entered between the waters the Apura had passed the sea. Then of a sudden, as last of all I went down into the path of the ocean bed, the great wind